

THE
THIRD VOLUME
OF THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *William Congreve*;

CONTAINING

POEMS *upon Several* OCCASIONS.

L O N D O N:

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THIRD VOLUME
W. Musgrave.



P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

*Minuentur atra
Carminē curæ.*

Hor.



Printed in the Year 1710.

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Several Occurrences

1. 1st of May 1895

2. 2nd of May 1895

3. 3rd of May 1895

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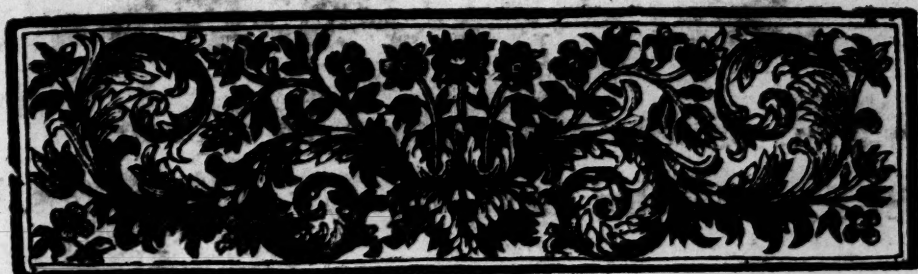
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ERRATA.

PAG. 860. line 6. for *strung* read *is strung*. p. 891. last line, for *should* read *I should*. p. 905. l. 10. for *more* read *no more*. p. 907. l. 3. for *Passion* read *great Passion*. p. 910. l. 1. for *Foys* read *Foy*. p. 947. l. 7. for *erave* read *carve*. p. 948. l. 3. for *one* read *on*. p. 948. l. 4. for *horrible* read *terrible*. p. 1047. l. 6. for *lighry* read *lightly*.



EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

C H A R L E S

Lord *H A L I F A X*, &c.

TO You, my Lord, my Muse her Tribute pays
Of various Verse, in various rude Essays;
To You, the first Address'd her early Voice,
By Inclination led, and fix'd by Choice;

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a

To

E P I S T L E.

To You, on whose Indulgence she depends,
Her few collected Lays, she now, Commends.

By no one Measure bound, her Numbers range,
And unresolv'd in Choice, delight in Change;
Her Songs to no distinguish'd Fame aspire,
For, now, she tries the Reed, anon, attempts the
Lyre;

In high *Parnassus* she no Birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep Draughts of *Heliconian* Streams;
Yet near the sacred Mount she loves to rove,
Visits the Springs, and hovers round the Grove,
She knows what Dangers wait too bold a Flight,
And fears to fall from an *Icarian* Height:

Yet, she admires the Wing that safely soars,
At Distance follows, and its Track adores.
She knows what Room, what Force, the Swan re-
quires,

Whose towering Head above the Clouds aspires,
And knows as well, it is Your Lowest Praise,
Such Heights to reach with equal Strength and Ease.

E P I S T L E.

O had Your Genius been to Leisure born,
And not more bound to Aid us, than Adorn!
Albion in Verse with ancient *Greece* had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a Fame, which, there, sev'n
States divide.

But such, ev'n such Renown, too dear had cost,
Had we the Patriot in the Poet lost.
A true Poetick State we had deplor'd,
Had not Your Ministry our Coin restor'd.

But still, my Lord, tho' Your Exalted Name
Stands foremost in the fairest List of Fame,
Tho' Your Ambition ends in Publick Good,
(A Virtue lineal to Your House and Blood:)
Yet think not meanly of Your other Praise,
Nor slight the Trophies which the Muses raise.
How oft, a Patriot's best laid Schemes we find
By Party cross'd, or Faction undermin'd!
If he succeed he undergoes this Lot,
The Good receiv'd, the Giver is forgot,

But

E P I S T L E.

But Honours which from Verse their Source
derive,
Shall both surmount Detraction, and survive:
And Poets have unquestion'd Right, to claim
If not the Greatest, the most Lasting Name.

W. Congreve.



THE
MOURNING MUSE
OF

ALEXIS.

A
PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of

QUEEN MARY.

Infandum Regina Jubes renovare dolorem. Vir.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEhold, *Alexis*, see this Gloomy Shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made;
Where, no glad Beams of Light can ever play,
But Night succeeding Night, excludes the Day;

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B

Where,

Where, never Birds with Harmony repair,
 And lightsome Notes, to cheer the Dusky Air,
 To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
 By Morning Lark, or Evening *Philomel*.

No Violet here, nor Daisie e'er was seen,
 No sweetly budding Flower, nor springing Green:
 For fragrant Myrtle, and the blushing Rose,
 Here, baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.
 Here then, extended on this wither'd Moss,
 We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of *Albion's* Loss;
 Of *Albion's* Loss, and of *Pastora's* Death,
 Begin thy mournful Song, and raise thy tuneful
 [Breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah Woe too great! Ah Theme, which far exceeds
 The lowly Lays of humble Shepherds Reeds!

O could I sing in Verse of equal Strain,
 With the *Sicilian* Bard, or *Mantuan* Swain;

Or

Or melting Words, and moving Numbers chuse,
Sweet as the British *Colin's* mourning Muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,
And mourn like *Stella* for her *Astrosfel*;
Then might I raise my Voice, (secure of Skill,
And with melodious Woe the Valleys fill;
The list'ning *Echo* on my Song should wait,
And hollow Rocks *Pastora's* Name repeat;
Each whistling Wind, and murm'ring Stream
Should tell
How I, y'd the liv'd, and how Lamented tell

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Lawrel crown'd,
And high as *Pan* himself in Song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy Art, avail to show
Verse worthy of her Name, or of our Woe:
But such true Passion in thy Face appears,
In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and gushing Tears,

Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,
 As shall supply all Skill, if not exceed.
 Then leave this common Form of dumb Distress;
 Each vulgar Grief can Sighs and Tears express;
 In sweet complaining Notes thy Passion vent,
 And not in Sighs, but Words explaining Sighs,
 lament.

A L E X I S.

Wild be my Words, *Menalcas*, wild my Thought,
 Artless as Nature's Notes, in Birds untaught;
 Boundless my Verse, and roving be my Strains,
 Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.
 And thou *Thalia*, Darling of my Breast,
 By whom inspired, I sung at *Comus* Feast;
 While in a Ring, the Jolly Rural Throng
 Have fate and smil'd to hear my chearful Song:
 Begon, with all thy Mirth and sprightly Lays,
 My Pipe, no longer now thy Pow'r obeys;

Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,
Thy springing Lawrels, all to Cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal Cries the tender Air,
And beat thy Snowy Breast, and rend thy yellow
Hair;

Far hence, in utmost Wilds, thy Dwelling chuse,
Begon *Thalia*, Sorrow is my Muse.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

No more, these Woods shall with her Sight be
bless'd,

Nor with her Feet, these Flow'ry Plains be press'd;
No more, the Winds shall with her Tresses play,
And from her Balmy Breath steal Sweets away;
No more, these Rivers chearfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face;
While on their Banks the wondring Flocks have
flood,

Greedy of Sight, and Negligent of Food.

No more, the Nymphs shall with soft Tales delight
 Her Ears, no more with Dances please her Sight;
 Nor ever more shall Swain make Song of Mirth,
 To bless the Joyous Day, that gave her Birth:
 Lost is that Day, which had from her its Light,
 For ever lost with her, in endless Night;
 In endless Night, and Arms of Death she lies,
 Death in Eternal Shades has shut *Pastora's* Eyes.

Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched
 Swains,

Stray all ye Flocks, and desert be ye Plains,
 Sigh all ye Winds, and weep ye Crystal Floods,
 Fade all ye Flowers, and wither all ye Woods.

I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,

And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

Within a dismal Grott, which Damps surround,
 All cold she lies upon th' unwholsom Ground;

The

The Marble weeps, and with a silent Pace,
Its trickling Tears distil upon her Face.
Falsly ye weep, ye Rocks, and falsly mourn!
For never will you let the Nymph return!
With a feign'd Grief the faithless Tomb relents,
And like the *Crocodile* its Prey laments.

O she was heav'nly fair, in Face and Mind!
Never in Nature were such Beauties join'd:
Without, all shining; and within, all white;
Pure to the Sense, and pleasing to the Sight;
Like some rare Flow'r, whose Leaves all Colours
yield.

And opening, is with sweetest Odours fill'd.
As lofty Pines o'ertop the lowly Reed,
So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed,
To which excelling Height, she bore a Mind
Humble, as *Osiers* bending to the Wind,
Thus excellent she was—

Ah wretched Fate ! She was, but is no more,

Help me ye Hills, and Valleys, to deplore.

I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,

And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

From that blest Earth, on which her Body lies,
 May blooming Flow'rs with fragrant Sweets arise :
 Let *Myrrha* weeping Aromatick Gum,
 And ever-living Lawrel, shade her Tomb.
 Thither, let all th' industrious Bees repair,
 Unlade their Thighs, and leave their Hony there ;
 Thither, let *Fairies* with their Train resort,
 Neglect their Revels, and their Midnight Sport,
 There, in unusual Wailings waste the Night,
 And watch her, by the fiery Glow-worms Light.

There, may no dismal Yew, nor Cypress grow,
 Nor Holly Bush, nor bitter Elders Bow ;
 Let each unlucky Bird far build his Nest,
 And distant Dens receive each howling Beast ;

Let

Let Wolves be gone, be Ravens put to flight,
With hooting Owls, and Batts that hate the Light.

But let the sighing Doves their Sorrows bring,
And Nightingales in sweet Complaining Sing;
Let Swans from their forsaken Rivers fly,
And Sick'ning at her Tomb, make haste to dye,
That they may help to sing her Elegy.
Let *Echo* too, in Mimick Moan, deplore,
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more!

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

And see, the Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,
And heavy Mists obscure the burd'ned Air;
A sudden Damp o'er all the Plain is spread,
Each Lilly folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head.
On ev'ry Tree the Blossoms turn to Tears,
And ev'ry Bow a weeping Moisture bears.

Their

Their Wings the Feather'd Airy People droop,
And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces stoop.

The Rocks are cleft, and new descending Rills
Furrow the Brows of all th' impending Hills.
The Water-Gods to Floods their Riv'lets turn,
And each, with streaming Eyes, supplies his want-
ing Urn.

The *Fawns* forsake the Woods, the *Nymphs*
the Grove,
And round the Plain in sad Distractions rove;
In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of Golden
Hair.
With their sharp Nails, themselves the *Satyrs*
wound,
And tug their shaggy Beards, and bite with Grief
the Ground.

Lo, *Pan* himself, beneath a blasted Oak
Dejected lies, his Pipe in pieces broke.
See *Pales* weeping too, in wild Despair,
And to the piercing Winds her Bosom bare.

And see yond fading Myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing Tears,
See how she wrings her Hands, and beats her
Breast,
And tears her useless Girdle from her Waste:
Hear the sad Murmurs of her sighing Doves,
For Grief they sigh, forgetful of their Loves.

Lo, *Love* himself, with heavy Woes oppress!
See, how his Sorrows swell his tender Breast;
His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrows flings,
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his drooping
Wings;

Then,

Then, lays his Limbs upon the dying Grass,
 And all with Tears bedews his Beauteous Face,
 With Tears, which from his folded Lids arise,
 And even *Love* himself has weeping Eyes.
 All Nature mourns; the Floods and Rocks deplore,
 And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more !

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
 And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

The Rocks can melt, and Air in Mists can mourn,
 And Floods can weep, and Winds to Sighs can turn;
 The Birds, in Songs, their Sorrows can disclose,
 And Nymphs and Swains, in Words, can tell their
 Woes.

But oh! behold that deep and wild Despair,
 Which neither Winds can show, nor Floods, nor
 Air.

See the Great *Shepherd*, Chief of all the Swains,
 Lord of these Woods, and wide extended Plains,
 Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the Ground, and close to Earth his

Face,

Scalding with Tears th'already faded Grass;

To the cold Clay he joins his throbbing Breast,

No more within *Pastora's* Arms to rest!

No more! For those once soft and circling Arms

Themselves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms.

Cold are those Lips, which he no more must kiss,

And cold that Bosome, once all downy Bliss;

On whose soft Pillows, lull'd in sweet Delights,

He us'd, in Balmy Sleep, to lose the Nights.

Ah! where is all that Love and Fondness fled?

Ah! where is all that tender Sweetness laid?

To Dust must all that Heav'n of Beauty come!

And must *Pastora* moulder in the Tomb!

Ah Death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,

Than wildest Wolves or savage Tigers are;

With Lambs and Sheep their Hungers are appeas'd,

But rav'nous Death the Shepherdes has seiz'd.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

“But see, *Menelaos*, where a sudden Light,
“With Wonder stops my Song, and strikes my
Sight!
“And where *Pastora* lies, it spreads around,
“Shewing all Radiant bright the Sacred Ground.
“While from her Tomb, behold a Flame ascends
“Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heav’n extends!
“On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Sight
“Cuts thro’ the yielding Air, with Rays of Light;
“Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,
“And fixing there, a glorious Star remains:
Fairer it shines of all that light the Skies,
As once on Earth were seen PASTORA’S Eyes.

TO

T O T H E

K I N G,

On the Taking of

N A M U R E.

I R R E G U L A R O D E.

*Præfenti tibi Matures langimur Honores
Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.*
Hor. ad Augustum.

I.
O F Arms and War my Muse aspires to Sing,
And strike the Lyre upon an untry'd String:
New Fire informs my Soul, unfelt before;
And, on new Wings, to Heights unknown I soar.
O Bow'r unseen! by whose Resistless Force
Compell'd, I take this Flight, direct my Course:
For Fancy, wild and pathless Ways will chuse,
Which Judgment, rarely, or with Pain, pursues.

Say,

Say, Sacred Nymph, whence this great Change
[proceeds;

Why scorns the lowly Swain his Oaten Reeds,
Daring aloud to strike the Sounding Lyre,
And sing Heroick Deeds;

Neglecting Flames of Love, for Martial Fire?

II.

William, alone, my Feeble Voice can raise;

What Voice so weak, that cannot sing his Praise!

The listning World each Whisper will befriend

That breaths his Name, and ev'ry Ear attend.

The hov'ring Winds on downy Wings shall wait
[around,

And catch, and waft to Foreign Lands, the fly-
[ing Sound.

Ev'n I will in his Praise be heard;

For by his Name my Verse shall be prefer'd.

Born like a Lark upon this Eagles Wing,

High as the Spheres, I will his Triumph sing;

High

High as the Head of *Fame*; *Fame*, whose exalted
[Size,
From the deep Vale extends, up to the vaulted
[Skies *:

A thousand talking Tongues the Monster bears,
A thousand waking Eyes, and ever open Ears;
Hourly she stalks, with Huge Gigantick Pace,
Measu'ring the Globe, like Time, with constant
[Race:

Yet shall she stay, and bend to *William's* Praise:
Of Him, her thousand Ears shall hear triumphant
[Lays,
Of Him, her Tongues shall talk, on Him her Eyes
[shall gaze.

III.

But lo, a Change astonishing my Eyes!
And all around, behold new Objects rise!

What Forms are these I see? and whence?
Beings substantial? or does Air condense,

* *Virg. Æn. 4.*

To cloath in vifionary Shape my various Thought?

Are thefe by Fancy wrought !

Can ftrong Idea's ftrike fo deep the Senfe!

O facred Poefie! O boundlefs Power!

What Wonders doft thou trace, what hidden

[Worlds explore.

Thro' Seas, Earth, Air, and the wide circling

[Sky,

What is not fought and feen, by thy all-piercing

[Eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry Lawns the Proſpect

[made,

And flowing Brooks beneath a Foreſt's ſhade;

A Lowing Heifer, Loveliſt of the Herd,

Stood feeding by; while two fierce Bulls prepar'd

Their Armed Heads for Fight; by Fate of War,

[to prove

The Victor worthy of the Fair Ones Love.

Unthought Prefage, of what met next my view!

For soon the shady Scene withdrew.

And now, for Woods, and Fields, and springing

[Flowr's;

Behold a Town arise, Bulwark'd with Walls, and

[lofty Tow'rs!

Two Rival Armies all the Plain o'erspread,

Each in Battalia rang'd, and shining Arms array'd:

With eager Eyes, beholding both from far,

Namure, the Prize and Mistress of the War.

V.

Now, Thirst of Conquest, and Immortal Fame,

Does ev'ry Chief and Soldier's Heart inflame.

Defensive Arms, the *Gallick* Forces bear;

While Hardy *Britons* for the Storm prepare:

For Fortune had with partial Hand, before

Resign'd the Rule to *Gallia's* Pow'r.

High on a Rock the mighty Fortrefs stands,

Founded by Fate; and wrought by Nature's

[Hands.

A wond'rous Task it is th' Ascent to gain,
 Thro' craggy Cliffs, that strike the Sight with
 [Pain,
 And nod impending Terrors o'er the Plain.
 To this, what Dangers Men can add, by Force,
 [or Skill,
 (And great is Humane Force and Wit, in Ill)
 Are join'd; on ev'ry side, wide gaping Engines
 [wait,
 Teeming with Fire, and big with certain Fate;
 Ready to hurl Destruction from above,
 In dreadful Roar, mocking the Wrath of *Jove*.
 Thus fearful, does the Face of adverse Pow'r
 [appear;
 But *British* Forces are unus'd to fear:
 Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if *William* were
 [not there.
 VI.
 But hark, the Voice of War! Behold the Storm
 [begin!
 The Trumpets Clangor, speaks in loud Alarms,
 Ming-

Mingling shrill Notes, with dreadful Din
Of Cannons burst, and ratling clash of Arms.
Clamours from Earth to Heaven, from Heav'n

[to Earth rebound,

Distinction, in promiscuous Noise is drown'd,

And *Echo* lost in one continu'd Sound.

Torrents of Fire from Brazen Mouths are sent,

Follow'd by Peals, as if each Pole were rent;

Such Flames the Gulphs of *Tartarus* disgorge,

So vaulted *Ætna* roars from *Vulcan's* Forge;

Such were the Peals from thence, such the vast

[Blaze that broke,

Redning with horrid Gloom, the dusky Smoke,

When the huge *Cyclops* did with molding Thun-

[der fweat,

And Massive Bolts on repercussive Anvils beat,

VII.

Amidst this Rage, behold, where *William* stands,

Undaunted, Undismay'd !

With Face serene,dispensing dread Commands ;
Which heard with Awe,are with Delight obey'd.

A thousand fiery Deaths around him fly ;

And burning Balls his harmless by :

For ev'ry Fire his sacred Head muſt ſpare,

Nor dares the Lightning touch the Lawrels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded *Briton* feels the Rage

Of Missive Fires that fester in each Limb ,

Which dire Revenge alone has Pow'r t'affwage;

Revenge makes Danger dreadless seem.

And now, with desp'rate Force, and fresh

[Attack,

Through obvious Deaths, resifless way they

[make ;

Raising high Piles of Earth, and heap on heap

[they lay,

And then ascend; resembling thus (as far

As Race of Men inferior, may)

The fam'd Gigantick War.

When

When those tall Sons of Earth, did Heav'n a-
(A Brave, but impious Fire!) [spire ;

Uprooting Hills, with most stupendous Hale,
To form the High and Dreadful Scale.

The Gods, with Horrour and Amaze, look'd
[down,

Beholding Rocks from their firm Basis rent ;
Mountain on Mountain thrown,

With threatening-hurl, that shook th' Æthereal
[Firmament!

Th' Attempt, did Fear in Heav'n create ;
Ev'n *Jove* desponding fate,

'Till *Mars* with all his Force collected, stood,
And pour'd whole *War* on the rebellious Brood ;
Who tumbling Headlong from th' *Empyrean* Skies,
O'erwhelm'd those Hills, by which they thought
[to rise.

Mars, on the Gods did then his Aid bestow,
And now in Godlike *William* storms, with equal
[Force below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken Pace,
 And hardy Breasts oppos'd to Dangers Face.
 With daring Feet, on springing Mines they
 [tread
 Of secret Sulphur, in dire Ambush laid.
 Still they proceed ; tho' all beneath, the Lab'ring
 [Earth
 Trembles to give the dread Irruptions Birth.
 Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd Foe.
 See, how they climb, and scale the steepy Walls !
 See, how the *Britons* rise ! see the retiring *Gauls* !
 Now from the Fort, behold the yielding Flag is
 [spread,
 And *William's* Banner on the Breach display'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant Shouts, from every Voice !

The Skies with Acclamations Ring !

Hark, how around, the Hills rejoice,

And Rocks, reflected *Io's* Sing !

Haut-

Hautboys and Fifes and Trumpets join'd,

Heroick Harmony prepare,

And charm to Silence every Wind,

And glad the late Tormented Air.

Far, is the sound of Martial Musick spread,

Ech'ing thro' all the *Gallick* Host,

Whose numerous Troops the dreadful Storm

[survey'd:]

But they with Wonder, or with Awe, dismay'd,

Unmov'd beheld the Fortrefs lost.

William, their num'rous Troops with Terror fill'd,

Such wondrous Charms, can Godlike Valour

[show !

Not the wing'd *Perseus*, with Petrifick Shield

Of *Gorgon's* Head, to more amazement charm'd

[his Foe.

Nor, when on soaring Horse he flew, to aid

And save from Monsters Rage, the Beauteous

[Maid ;

Or

THE
BIRTH of the MUSE.

To the Right Honourable

Charles Lord HALIFAX.

Dignum laude virum Musa metat mori. Horat.

DEscend, Celestial *Muse* ! thy Son inspire
Of thee to sing ; infuse the Holy Fire.
Belov'd of Gods and Men, thy self disclose ;
Say, from what Source thy Heav'nly Pow'r arose,
Which from unnumb'ed Years deliv'ring down
The Deeds of Heroes deathless in Renown,
Extends their Life and Fame to Ages yet unknown. }

Time and the *Muse* set forth with equal Pace ;
At once the Rivals started to the Race :

And

And both at once the destin'd Course shall end,
Or both to all Eternity contend.

One to preserve what t'other cannot save,
And rescue Virtue rising from the Grave.

To thee, O *Montague*, these Strains are fung,
For thee my Voice is tun'd, and speaking Lyre
strung;

For ev'ry Grace of ev'ry *Muse* is thine,
In thee their various Fires united shine,
Darling of *Phæbus* and the tuneful Nine!
To thee alone I dare my Song commend,
Whose Nature can forgive, and Pow'r defend,
And shew by Turns the Patron and the Friend.

Begin, my *Muse*, from *Jove* derive thy Song,
Thy Song of right, does first to *Jove* belong:
For thou thy self art of Celestial Seed,
Nor dare a Sire inferior boast the Breed.

When

When first the Frame of this vast Ball was made,
And *Jove* with Joy the finish'd Work survey'd;
Vicissitude of Things, of Men and States,
Their Rise and Fall were destin'd by the Fates.

Then *Time* had first a Name; by firm Decree
Appointed Lord of all Futurity.

Within whose ample Bosom Fates repose
Causes of Things, and secret Seeds enclose,
Which ripening there, shall one Day gain a Birth,
And force a Passage thro' the teeming Earth.

To him they give, to rule the spacious Light,
And bound the yet unparted Day and Night;
To wing the Hours that whirl the rowling Sphere,
To shift the Seasons, and conduct the Year.

Duration of Dominion and of Pow'r

To him prescribe, and fix each fated Hour.

This mighty Rule, to *Time* the Fates ordain,

But yet to hard Conditions bind his Reign.

For ev'ry beauteous Birth he brings to Light,

(How good soe'er and grateful in his sight,)

He

He must again to Native Earth restore,
And all his Race with Iron Teeth devour.
Nor Good, nor Great shall 'scape his hungry Maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid Law.

Not yet, the loosned Earth aloft was flung,
Or pois'd amid the Skies in Ballance hung.
Nor yet, did Golden Fires the Sun adorn,
Or borrow'd Lustre silver *Cynthia's* Horn.
Nor yet, had *Time* Commission to begin,
Or Fate the many-twisted Web to spin ;
When all the Heav'nly Host assembled came
To view the World yet resting on its Frame ;
Eager they press, to see the Sire dismiss
And rowl the Globe along the vast Abyss.

When deep revolving Thoughts the God retain,
Which for a Space suspend the promis'd Scene.
Once more his Eyes on *Time*, intente look,
Again, inspect Fate's universal Book.

Abroad

Abroad the wondrous Volume he displays,
And present views the Deeds of future Days.

A beauteous Scene adorns the foremost Page,
Where Nature's Bloom presents the Golden Age:
The Golden Leaf to Silver soon resigns,
And fair the Sheet, but yet more faintly shines.
Of baser Brass, the next denotes the Times,
An impious Page deform'd with deadly Crimes.
The Fourth yet wears a worse and browner Face,
And adds to Gloomy Days an Iron Race.

He turns the Book, and ev'ry Age reviews,
Then all the Kingly Line his Eye pursues:
The First of Men, and Lords of Earth design'd,
Who under him should govern Human-kind.
Of future Heroes, there, the Lives he reads,
In search of Glory spent, and Godlike Deeds;
Who Empires found, and goodly Cities build,
And savage Men compel to leave the Field.

All

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
When Lo ! but thence a Narrow Space remov'd,
And hungry *Time* has all the Scene defac'd,
The Kings destroy'd, and laid the Kingdoms waste:
Together all in Common Ruins lie,
And but anon and ev'n the Ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, Compassion found,
To see Great Actions in Oblivion drown'd;
And forward search'd the Roll, to find if Fate
Had no Reserve to spare the Good and Great.
Bright in his View the *Trojan* Heroes shine,
And *Ilian* Structures rais'd by Hands Divine;
But *Ilium* soon in Native Dust is laid,
And all her boasted Pile a Ruin made:
Nor Great *Æneas* can her Fall withstand,
But flies, to save his Gods, to foreign Land.
The *Roman* Race succeed the *Dardan* State,
And first and second *Cæsar* God-like Great.
Still on to after-days his Eyes descend,
And rising Heroes still the Search attend.

Pro-

Proceeding thus, he many Empires pass'd;
When fair *Britannia* fix'd his Sight at last.

Above the Waves she lifts her Silver Head,
And looks a *Venus* born from Ocean's Bed.
For rowling Years, her happy Fortunes smile,
And Fates propitious bless the beauteous Isle;
To Worlds remote, she wide extends her Reign,
And wields the Trident of the stormy Main.
Thus on the Base of Empire firm she stands,
While bright *Eliza* rules the willing Lands.

But soon a lowring Sky comes on apace,
And Fate revers'd shews an ill-omen'd Face.
The Void of Heav'n a gloomy Horror fills,
And Cloudy Veils involve her shining Hills;
Of Greatness pass'd no Footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a *Series* of Inglorious Reigns.
She feels the Change, and deep regrets the Shame
Of Honours lost, and her diminish'd Name:

Conscious, she seeks from Day to shrowd her Head,
And glad wou'd shrink beneath her Oozy Bed.

Thus far, the Sacred Leaves *Britannia's* Woes
In shady Draughts and dusky Lines disclose.
Th'ensuing Scene revolves a Martial Age,
And ardent Colours gild the glowing Page.

Behold! of radiant Light an Orb arise,
Which kindling Day, restores the darkned Skies;
And see! on Seas the beamy Ball descends,
And now its Course to fair *Britannia* bends:
Along the foamy Main the Billows bear
The floating Fire, and waft the shining Sphere.
Hail, happy Omen! Hail, auspicious Sight!
Thou glorious Guide to yet a greater Light.
For see! a Prince, whom dazling Arms array,
Pursuing closely, plows the wat'ry Way,
Tracing the Glory thro' the flaming Sea.

Britan-

Britannia, rise; awake, O Fairest Isle,
From Iron Sleep; again thy Fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the Mighty Man behold,
Whose Reign renews the former Age of Gold.
The Fates at length the blissful Web have spun,
And bid it round in endless Circles run.
Again, shall distant Lands confess thy Sway,
Again, the wat'ry World thy Rule Obey;
Again, thy Martial Sons shall thirst for Fame,
And win in foreign Fields a deathless Name;
For *William's* Genius ev'ry Soul inspires,
And warms the frozen Youth with warlike Fires.
Already, see, the Hostile Troops retreat,
And seem forewarn'd of their impending Fate.
Already routed Foes his Fury feel,
And fly the Force of his unerring Steel.
The haughty *Gaul*, who well 'till now, might boast,
A matchless Sword and unresisted Host,
At his foreseen Approach the Field forsakes;
His Cities tremble, and his Empire shakes.

His tow'ring Ensigns long had aw'd the Plain,
And Fleets audaciously usurp'd the Main;
A gath'ring Storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a Deluge of destructive War.
'Till *William's* stronger Genius soar'd above,
And down the Skies the daring Tempest drove.
So from the radiant Sun retires the Night,
And western Clouds shot thro' with orient Light.
So when th' assuming God, whom Storms obey,
To all the warring Winds at once gave way,
The frantick Brethren ravag'd all around,
And Rocks, and Woods, and Shoars their Rage
 resound;
Incumbent o'er the Main, at length they sweep
The liquid Plains, and raise the peaceful Deep:
But when superior *Neptune* leaves his Bed,
His Trident shakes, and shews his awful Head;
The madding Winds are hush'd, the Tempests
 cease,
And ev'ry rowling Surge resides in Peace.

And

And now the Sacred Leaf a Landskip wears,
Where, Heav'n serene, and Air unmov'd appears.
The *Rose* and *Lilly* paint the verdant Plains,
And *Palm* and *Olive* shade the Sylvan Scenes.
The peaceful *Thames* beneath his Banks abides,
And soft, and still, the Silver Surface glides.
The *Zephyrs* fan the Fields, the whisp'ring Breeze
With fragrant Breath remurmurs thro' the Trees.
The warbling Birds applauding new-born Light,
In wanton Measures wing their airy Flight.
Above the Floods the finny Race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper Air;
They gild their scaly Backs in *Phæbus* Beams,
And scorn to skim the Level of the Streams.
Whole Nature wears a Gay and Joyous Face,
And blooms and ripens with the Fruits of Peace.

No more the lab'ring Hind regrets his Toil,
But cheerfully Manures the grateful Soil;

Secure the Glebe a plenteous Crop will yield,
And golden *Ceres* grace the waving Field.

Th' advent'rous Man, who durst the Deep explore,
Oppose the Winds, and tempt the shelly Shoar,
Beneath his Roof now tastes unbroken Rest,
Enough with Native Wealth and Plenty blest.

No more the forward Youth pursues Alarms,
Nor leaves the Sacred Arts for stubborn Arms.
No more the Mothers from their Hopes are torn,
Nor weeping Maids the promis'd Lover mourn.
No more the Widows Shrieks and Orphans Cries,
Torment the patient Air and pierce the Skies.
But peaceful Joys the prosp'rous Times afford,
And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd.
And he whose Arms alone sustain'd the Toil,
And propp'd the nodding Frame of *Britain's* Isle;
By whose illustrious Deeds, her Leaders fir'd,
Have Honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,

With

With equal Sway will Vertue's Laws maintain,
And Good, as Great, in awful Peace shall reign;
For his Example still the Rule shall give,
And those it taught to Conquer, teach to Live.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds
Succeeding Leaves, and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.

Th' Eternal paus'd —
Nor would *Britannia's* Fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming Store.
Enough the Heroe had already done,
And round the wide Extent of Glory run:
Nor further now the shining Path pursues,
But like the Sun the same bright Race renews.

And shall remorseless Fates on him have Pow'r!
Or *Time* unequally such Worth devour!

Then, wherefore shall the Brave for Fame contest?
Why is this Man distinguish'd from the Rest?
Whose soaring Genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless Fame the due Reward requires.
Approving Heav'n th'exalted Virtue views,
Nor can the Claim which it approves refuse.

The Great Creator soon the Grant resolves,
And in his mighty Mind the Means revolves.
He thought; Nor doubted once, again to chuse,
But spake the Word, and made th'immortal *Muse*.
Ne'er did his Pow'r produce so bright a Child,
On whose Creation Infant Nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd Form she wears,
And Youth perpetual in her Face appears.
Th'assembled Gods who long expecting staid,
With new Delight gaze on the lovely Maid,
And think the wish'd-for World was well delay'd.
Nor did the Sire himself his Joy disguise,
But steadfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his Eyes.

Intent

Intent a Space, at length he Silence broke,
And thus the God the Heav'nly Fair bespoke.

*To thee, Immortal Maid, from this blest'd Hour,
O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded Pow'r.
Thou, from Oblivion shalt the Heroe save;
Shalt raise, revive, immortalize the Brave.
To thee, the Dardan Prince shall owe his Fame;
To thee, the Cæsars their eternal Name.
Eliza sung by thee, with Fate shall strive,
And long as Time, in Sacred Verse survive.
And yet O Muse, remains the noblest Theme;
The first of Men, Mature for Endless Fame,
Thy future Songs shall grace, and all thy Lays,
Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's Praise.
On his Heroick Deeds thy Verse shall rise;
Thou shalt diffuse the Fires that he supplies.
Thro' him thy Songs shall more sublime aspire;
And he, thro' them, shall deathless Fame acquire:*

Nor

*Nor Time, nor Fate his Glory shall oppose,
Or blast the Monuments the Muse bestows.*

This said ; no more remain'd. Th' *Æthelial*
Host,

Again impatient Crowd the Crystal Coast.
The Father, now, within his spacious Hands,
Encompass'd all the mingled Mass of Seas and
Lands;

And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous Sphere,
He Launch'd the World to float in ambient Air.

O N
Mrs. *ARABELLA HUNT*,
S I N G I N G.

I R R E G U L A R O D E.

I.

LET all be hush'd, each softest Motion cease,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace,
And ev'ry ruder Gasp of *Breath*
Be calm, as in the *Arms* of Death.
And thou most fickle, most uneasie Part,
Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,
Be still ; gently, ah gently, leave,
Thou busie, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a Pulse ; and let my *Blood*,
That turbulent, unruly Flood,
Be softly staid :

Let me be all, but my Attention, dead.

Go,

Go, rest, unnecessary Springs of Life,
 Leave your officious Toil and Strife;
 For I would hear her Voice, and try
 If it be possible to die.

II.

Come all ye Love-sick Maids and wounded Swains,
 And listen to her Healing Strains.
 A wond'rous *Balm*, between her Lips she wears,
 Of Sov'reign Force to soften Cares;
 And this through ev'ry Ear she can impart,
 (By tuneful *Breath* diffus'd) to ev'ry Heart.
 Swiftly the gentle Charmer flies,
 And to the tender Grief soft *Air* applies,
 Which, warbling Mystick Sounds,
 Cements the bleeding Panter's Wounds.
 But ah! beware of clam'rous Moan:
 Let no unpleasing Murmur or harsh Groan,
 Your flighted Loves declare:
 Your very tend'rest moving Sighs forbear,
 For even they will be too boist'rous here.

Hither

Hither let nought but Sacred *Silence* come,
And let all fawcy Praise be dumb.

III.

And lo! *Silence* himself is here;
Methinks I see the Midnight God appear,
In all his downy Pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend *Shade*:

An ancient Sigh he sits upon,
Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his Throne:
Beneath, two soft transparent Clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer Feet.

A melancholy Thought, condens'd to *Air*,
Stol'n from a Lover in Despair,

Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap
In *Fluid* Folds his *visionary Shape*.

A Wreath of Darkness round his Head he wears,
Where curling Mists supply the Want of Hairs:
While the still Vapors, which from Poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary Face, and lull his Eyes.

IV. But

IV.

But hark ! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
And *Silence* now is drown'd
In Extasie of Sound.

How on a sudden the still *Air* is charm'd,
As if all Harmony were just alarm'd !
And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

See how the Heav'nly Choir
Come flocking, to admire,
And with what Speed and Care,
Descending *Angels* cull the thinnest *Air* !
Haste then, come all th' Immortal Throng,
And listen to her Song ;
Leave your lov'd Mansions, in the Sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly ;
Your Loss of Heav'n, nor shall you need to fear,
While she Sings, 'tis Heav'n here.

V. See

V.

See how they croud, see how the little Cherubs
While others sit around her Mouth, and sip [skip!
Sweet Hallelujahs from her Lip.

Those Lips, where in Surprise of *Bliss* they rove;
For ne'er before did Angels taste
So exquisite a Feast,
Of Musick and of Love.

Prepare then, ye Immortal Choir,
Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,
And with her Voice in Chorus join,
Her Voice, which next to yours is most Divine.

Bless the glad Earth with Heav'nly Lays,
And to that Pitch th' eternal *Accents* raise,
Which only *Breath* inspir'd can reach, [teach:
To Notes, which only she can learn, and you can
While we, charm'd with the lov'd Excess,
Are wrapt in sweet Forgetfulness:

Of all, of all, but of the present Happiness:
Wishing for ever in that State to lye,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

Priam's Lamentation and Petition

T O

A C H I L L E S,

For the Body of his Son

H E C T O R.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον
 Ἑρμείας: ———

Argument Introductory to this Translation.

Hector's Body, (after he was Slain) remain'd still in the Possession of Achilles; for which Priam made great Lamentation. Jupiter had Pity on him, and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles's Tent; and how he should there Ransom the Body of his Son. Priam accordingly orders his Chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich Presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian Camp, accompany'd by no Body but his Herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's Command, meets him by the Way, in the Figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his Misfortunes, undertakes to drive his Chariot, unobserv'd, through the Guards, and to the Door of Achilles's Tent; which having perform'd, he discover'd himself a God, and giving him a short Instruction, how to move Achilles to Compassion, flew up to Heaven.

So

SO spake the God, and Heav'nward took his
Flight:

When *Priam* from his Chariot did alight;
Leaving *Ideus* there, alone he went
With Solemn Pace, into *Achilles'* Tent.
Heedless, he pass'd thro' various Rooms of State,
Until approaching where the Heroe sate;
There at a Feast, the good old *Priam* found
Jove's best lov'd, with all his Chiefs around:
Two only were t'attend his Person plac'd,
Automedon and *Alcymus*; the rest
At greater Distance, greater State express'd.

Priam, unseen by these, his Way pursu'd,
And first of all was by *Achilles* view'd.
About his Knees his trembling Arms he cast,
And agonizing grasp'd and held 'em fast; [close,
Then caught his Hands, and kiss'd and press'd 'em
Those Hands, th' inhuman Authors of his Woes;

Those Hands, whose unrelenting Force had cost
Much of his Blood (for many Sons he lost.)

But, as a Wretch who has a Murder done,
And seeking Refuge, does from Justice run ;
Entr'ing some House, in haste, where he's unknown,
Creates Amazement in the Lookers on :
So did *Achilles* gaze, surpriz'd to see
The Godlike *Priam's Royal Misery* ;
All on each other gaz'd, all in surprize
And mute, yet seem'd to question with their Eyes.
'Till he at length the solemn Silence broke ;
And thus the venerable Suppliant spoke.

Divine *Achilles*, at your Feet behold
A prostrate King, in Wretchedness grown old :
Think on your Father, and then look on me,
His hoary *Age* and helpless Person see ;
So furrow'd are his Cheeks, so white his Hairs,
Such, and so many his declining Years ;
Could

Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
Cou'd you imagine such, his Misery!
Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
And neighb'ring Princes lay his Country waste;
Ev'n at this time perhaps some pow'rful Foe,
Who will no Mercy, no Compassion show,
Ent'ring his Palace, sees him feebly fly,
And seek Protection, where no Help is nigh.
In vain, he may your fatal Absence mourn,
And wish in vain for your delay'd Return;
Yet, that he hears you live, is some Relief;
Some Hopes alleviate his Excess of Grief.
It glads his Soul to think, he once may see
His much-lov'd Son; would that were granted me!
But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
Of all my Worthy Sons, how few are left!
Yet fifty goodly Youths I had to boast,
When first the *Greeks* invaded *Ilion's* Coast:
Nineteen, the joyful Issue of one Womb,
Are now, alas! a mournful Tribute to one Tomb.

Merciless War, this Devastation wrought,
And their strong Nerves to Dissolution brought.

Still one was left, in whom was all my Hope,
My Age's Comfort, and his Country's Prop;
Heſtor, my Darling, and my *laſt Defence*,
Whose Life alone, their Deaths could recompence:
And, to compleat my Store of countless Woe,
Him you have slain — of him bereav'd me too!
For his ſake only, hither am I come;
Rich Gifts I bring, and Wealth, an endless Sum;
All to redeem that fatal Prize you won,
A worthless Ransom for ſo brave a Son.

Fear the juſt Gods, *Achilles*; and on me
With Pity look, think you your Father ſee;
Such as I am, he is, alone in this,
I can no Equal have in Miſeries;
Of all Mankind, moſt wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with ſuch Weight, as never has been born;

Re-

Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
 The Spring and Source of all my Sorrows come;
 With Gifts, to court mine and my Country's *Bane*,
 And kifs those Hands, which havemy Children slain.
 He spake. ———

Now, Sadness o'er *Achilles*' Face appears,
Priam he views, and for his Father fears;
 That, and Compassion melt him into Tears. }
 Then, gently with his Hand he put away
 Old *Priam*'s Face, but he, still prostrate lay,
 And there with Tears, and Sighs, afresh begun
 To mourn the Fall of his ill-fated Son.
 But Passion diff'rent ways *Achilles* turns,
 Now, he *Patroclus*, now, his Father mourns:
 Thus both with Lamentations fill'd the Place,
 'Till Sorrow seem'd to wear one common Face.

THE
LAMENTATIONS
OF

Hecuba, Adromache, and Helen,

Over the dead Body of

H E C T O R.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὡς ὅ κε γόοιεν ἅλῃ ἐκιδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connexion of this with the former Translation.

Priam, at last, moves Achilles to Compassion, and after having made him Presents of great Value, obtains the Body of his Son: Mercury awakens Priam early in the Morning, and advises him to haste away with the Body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the Camp: He himself helps to harness the Mules and Horses, and conveys him safely, and without Noise, Chariot and all, from among the Grecian Tents; then flies up to Heav'n, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the Body toward Troy.

NOW did the Saffron Morn her Beams display,
Gilding the Face of Universal Day;

When

When mourning *Priam* to the Town return'd;
Slowly his Chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The Mules, beneath the mangled Body go,
As bearing (now) unusual Weight of Woe.
To *Pergamus* high top *Cassandra* flies,
Thence, she afar the sad Procession spies:
Her Father and *Idæus* first appear,
Then *Hector's* Corps extended on a Bier;
At which, her boundless Grief loud Cries began,
And, thus lamenting, thro' the Streets she ran:
Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
Behold the Godlike Hector's Funeral!
If e'er you went with Joy, to see him come
Adorn'd with Conquest and with Lawrels home,
Assemble now, his Ransom'd Body see,
What once was all your Joy, now all your Misery!

She spake, and strait the num'rous Crowd obey'd,
Nor Man, nor Woman, in the City staid;

Common Consent of Grief had made 'em one,
 With clam'rous Moan to *Scæas* Gate they run,
 There the lov'd Body of their *Hector* meet,
 Which they, with loud and fresh Lamentings,
 greet.

His Rev'rend Mother, and his Tender Wife,
 Equal in Love, in Grief had equal Strife:
 In Sorrow they no Moderation knew,
 But wildly wailing, to the Chariot flew; [each
 There strove the rolling Wheels to hold, while
 Attempted first his breathless Corps to reach;
 Aloud they beat their *Breasts*, and tore their *Hair*,
 Rending around with Shrieks the suff'ring Air.

Now had the Throng of People stopt the Way,
 Who would have there lamented all the Day,
 But *Priam* from his Chariot rose, and spake,
Trojans enough; Truce with your Sorrows make;
Give way to me, and yield the Chariot Room;
First let me bear my Hector's Body home,

Then

Then mourn your fill. At this the Croud gave way,
Yielding, like Waves of a divided Sea.

Idæus to the Palace drove, then laid,
With Care, the *Body* on a Sumptuous *Bed*,
And round about were skilful Singers plac'd,
Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad Notes express'd
Their Moan; *All* in a *Chorus* did agree
Of Universal, Mournful *Harmony*.
When, first, *Andromache*, her Passion broke,
And thus (close pressing his pale Cheeks) she spoke.

Andromache's Lamentation.

O my lost Husband! let me ever mourn
Thy early Fate, and too untimely Urn:
In the full Pride of Youth thy Glories fade,
And thou in Ashes must with them be laid.

Why is my Heart thus miserably torn!
Why am I thus distress'd! why thus forlorn!

Am

Am I that wretched Thing, a *Widow* left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft!
Yet I were blest, were I alone undone;
Alas, my Child! where can an Infant run?
Unhappy Orphan! thou in Woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?—I am with Blessings curst!
For long e'er thou shalt be to Manhood grown,
Wide Desolation will lay waste this Town:
Who is there now that can Protection give,
Since He, who was her Strength, no more doth live?
Who of her Rev'rend Matrons will have Care?
Who save her Children from the Rage of War?
For *He* to all Father and Husband was,
And all are *Orphans* now, and *Widows* by his Loss
Soon will the *Grecians*, now, insulting come,
And bear us Captives to their distant Home;
I, with my Child, must the same Fortune share,
And all alike, be Pris'ners of the War;
'Mongst base-born Wretches he his Lot must have,
And be to some inhuman Lord, a Slave.

Else

Else some avenging Greek, with Fury fill'd,
Or for an only Son, or Father kill'd
By *Hector's* Hand, on him will vent his Rage,
And with his Blood his Thirfty Grief assuage;
For many fell by his relentless Hand,
Biting that Ground, which with their Blood was [stain'd.

Fierce was thy Father (O my Child) in War,
And never did his Foe in Battel spare;
Thence come these Suff'rings, which so much have
Much Woe to all, but fure to me the most. [cost,
I saw him not, when in the Pangs of Death,
Nor did my Lips receive his latest Breath;
Why held he not to me his dying Hand?
And why receiv'd not I his last Command?
Something he would have said, had I been there,
Which I should still in sad Remembrance bear;
For I could never, never Words forget,
Which Night and Day, should with Tears repeat.

She

She spake, and wept afresh, when all around,
A general Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound.

Then, *Hecuba*, who long had been oppress'd
With boiling Passions in her aged Breast,
Mingling her Words with Sighs and Tears, begun
A Lamentation for her Darling Son.

Hecuba's Lamentation:

Hector, my Joy, and to my Soul more dear
Than all my other num'rous Issue were;
O my last Comfort, and my best Belov'd!
Thou, at whose Fall, ev'n *Jove* himself was mov'd,
And sent a God his dread Commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar Care!
From fierce *Achilles'* Chains thy Corps was freed;
So kind a Fate was for none else decreed:
My other Sons, made Pris'ners by his Hands,
Were sold like Slaves, and shipt to foreign Lands.

Thou

Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous Doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about *Patroclus* Tomb,
His lov'd *Patroclus*, whom thy Hands had slain;
And yet that Cruelty was urg'd in vain,
Since all could not restore his Life again.
Now fresh and glowing, even in Death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by *Phæbus'* Dart.

Here weeping *Hecuba* her Passion stay'd,
And Universal Moan again was made;
When *Helen's* Lamentation hers supply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal *Beauty* cry'd.

Helen's Lamentation.

O *Hector*, thou wert rooted in my Heart,
No *Brother* there had half so large a Part:
Not less than twenty Years are now pass'd o're,
Since first I landed on the *Trojan* Shore;
Since I with Godlike *Paris* fled from home;
(Would I had dy'd before that Day had come!)

In

In all which time (so gentle was thy Mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a Deed unkind;
Not one untender Word, or Look of Scorn,
Which I too often have from others born.
But you from their Reproach still set me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their Cruelty;
If by my Sisters, or the Queen revil'd,
(For the good King, like you, was ever mild) }
Your Kindness still has all my Grief beguil'd. }
Ever in Tears let me your Loss bemoan,
Who had no Friend alive, but you alone:
All will reproach me now, where-e'er I pass,
And fly with Horror from my hated Face.
This said; she wept, and the vast Throng was mov'd,
And with a gen'ral Sigh her Grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning Crowd)
Rose from his Seat, and thus he spake aloud.

*Cease your Lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
And fell down Trees to build a Fun'ral Pile;*

Fear

*Fear not an Ambush by the Grecians laid,
For with Achilles twelve Days Truce I made.*

He spake, and all obey'd as with one Mind,
Chariots were brought, and Mules and Oxen
join'd;

Forth from the City all the People went,
And nine Days Space was in that Labour spent;
The Tenth, a most stupendous *Pile* they made,
And on the Top the Manly *Hector* laid,
Then gave it Fire; while all, with weeping Eyes,
Beheld the rolling Flames and Smoak arise.

All Night they wept, and all the Night it burn'd;
But when the Rosie Morn with Day return'd,
About the *Pile* the thronging People came,
And with black Wine quench'd the remaining
Flame.

His *Brothers* then, and Friends search'd ev'ry
where,

And gath'ring up his snowy Bones with Care,

Wept

Wept o'er 'em; when an Urn of Gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft Purple *Palls*, and richly wrought,
In which the Sacred *Ashes* were interr'd,
Then o'er his Grave a *Monument* they rear'd.
Mean time, strong Guards were plac'd, and careful
Spies,
To watch the *Grecians*, and prevent Surprise.
The Work once ended, all the vast Resort
Of mourning People went to *Priam's* Court;
There they refresh'd their weary Limbs with Rest,
Ending the Fun'ral with a Solemn Feast.

PARA-

P A R A P H R A S E

U P O N

H O R A C E.

O D E XIX. L I B. I.

Mater sœva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE Tyrant Queen of soft Desires,
With the resistless Aid of sprightly Wine
And wanton Ease, conspires
To make my Heart its Peace resign,
And-re-admit Love's long rejected Fires.

For beauteous *Glycera* I burn, [return:
The Flames so long repell'd with double Force
Matchless her Face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd Marble when reflecting Light;

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F

Her

Her very Coyness warms;
 And with a grateful Sullenness she charms:
 Each Look darts forth a thousand Rays,
 Whose Lustre an unwary Sight betrays,
 My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my Veins!
 At once all *Venus* enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her Abode is blest,
 I am her Palace, and her Throne my *Breast*.
 Of Savage *Scythian Arms* no more I write,
 Or *Parthian Archers*, who in flying fight,
 And make rough War their Sport;
 Such idle Themes no more can move,
 Nor any thing but what's of high Import:
 And what's of high Import, but Love?
 Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf prepare;
 With Wine of two Years old, your Cups be fill'd:
 After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,
 The Goddess may incline her Heart to yield.

STAN.

S T A N Z A ' S

In Imitation of

Horace, LIB. II. ODE XIV.

*Eheu Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.*

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believè me 'tis
This Pious Artifice.

Not all these Pray'rs and Alms can buy
One Moment tow'rd *Eternity*.

Eternity! that boundless Race,

Which *Time* himself can never run:

(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd Pace,)

Which, when ten thousand, thousand Years are
Is still the same, and still to be begun. [done,

Fix'd are those Limits, which prescribe
A short Extent to the most lasting Breath;

F 2

And

And tho' thou cou'dst for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to save thy own,

'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One Supernumerary Gasps from Death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted Store

Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r;

Thy Honours, Titles, all must fail,
Where Piety it self can nought avail.

The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Just,
Must all be huddled to the Grave,

With the most Vile and Ignominious Slave,
And undistinguish'd lye in Dust.

In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,

In vain he is secure from Wounds of Arms,

In vain avoids the faithless Seas,

And is confin'd to Home and Ease,

Bounding his Knowledge, to extend his Days.

In vain are all those *Arts* we try,

All our Evasions, and Regret to die:

From

From the Contagion of Mortality,

No Clime is pure, no Air is free:

And no Retreat

Is so Obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my Friend;

(The very Hour thou now dost spend

In studying to avoid, brings on thy End)

Thou must forego the dearest Joys of Life;

Leave the warm Bosom of thy tender Wife,

And all the much-lov'd Off-spring of her Womb,

To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.

All must be left, and all be lost;

Thy House, whose stately Structure so much cost,

Shall not afford

Room for the stinking Carcass of its Lord.

Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grotts and Bow'rs,

Thy costly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and

Nought shalt thou save; [Flow'rs,

Or but a Sprig of Rosemary shalt have,

To wither with thee in the Grave:

The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
Their Transitory Master Dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting Heir,
A joyful Mourning wear:
And Riot in the Waste of that Estate
Which thou hast taken so much Pains to get.
All thy hid Stores he shall unfold,
And set at large thy Captive Gold.
That precious Wine, condemn'd by thee
To Vaults and Prisons, shall again be free;
Bury'd alive tho' now it lyes,
Again shall rise,
Again its sparkling Surface show,
And free as Element, profusely flow.
With such high Food he shall set forth his Feasts,
That Cardinals shall wish to be his Guests;
And pamper'd Prelates see
Themselves out-done in *Luxury*.

In Imitation of *H O R A C E*.

O D E IX. L I B. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the *Air*!
How naked does the World appear!

But see (big with the Off-spring of the North)

The teeming Clouds bring forth:

A Show'r of soft and fleecy Rain

Falls, to new-cloath the Earth again.

Behold the Mountain-Tops, around,

As if with Fur of Ermins crown'd:

And lo! how by Degrees

The universal Mantle hides the Trees,

In hoary Flakes, which downward fly,

As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky:

Trembling, the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II.

Diffusive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a Disease, through all its Veins 'tis spread,
And each late living Stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air;
Let chearful Fires *Sol's* feeble Beams repair;
Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine;
Let's drink, 'till our own Faces shine,
'Till we like Suns appear,
To light and warm the Hemisphere.
Wine can dispense to all both Light and Heat,
They are with Wine incorporate:
That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,
Which still is fluid, and no Frost can fix;
Let that but in Abundance flow,
And let it Storm and Thunder, Hail and Snow,

'Tis

'Tis Heav'n's Concern; and let it be
The Care of Heav'n still, for me:
These Winds, which rend the Oaks and plough the
Great *Jove* can, if he please, [Seas,
With one commanding Nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to Morrow's Doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The present Moment's all our Store:
The next, should Heav'n allow,
Then this will be more:
So all our Life is but one Instant *Now*.
* Look on each Day you've past
To be a mighty Treasure won:
And lay each Moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth does a Thousand Pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly;
The Flow'rs that flourish in the Spring,
In Winter's cold Embraces die.

IV.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting *Boy*, invites
To revel while you may, in soft Delights:
Now the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.
Slowly she promises at Night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the Hour with swifter Feet:
To gloomy Groves and obscure Shades she flies,
There veils the bright Confession of her Eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft Sighs conveys
The Whispers of her Heart.

Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if y're rude;
Then from her Ravisher she flies,

But flies to be pursu'd:
If from his Sight she does her self convey,
With a feign'd Laugh she will her self betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the Way.

S O N G.

SONG.

I.

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I strove most my Passion to break,
Still then I said least of the Matter.

II.

I swore to my self, and resolv'd I wou'd try
Some way my poor Heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear *Celia* be kind then; and since your own Eyes
By Looks can command Adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those Oglings that tell you my Passion.

IV. We'll

IV.

[speak,
 We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither shou'd
 The Pleasure we'll still be pursuing;
 And so, without Words, I don't doubt we may make
 A very good end of this Wooing.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR *Celia*, Love pretended,
 And nam'd the Myrtle Bow'r,
 Where *Damon* long attended
 Beyond the promis'd Hour.
 At length impatient growing
 Of anxious Expectation,
 His Heart with Rage o'erflowing,
 He vented thus his Passion.

O D E.

O D E.

*To all the Sex deceitful,
A long and last Adieu ;
Since Women prove ungrateful
As oft as Men prove true.
The Pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The Joys they give (if any)
Few, short, and unsincere.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

But *Celia* now repenting
Her breach of Affignation,
Arriv'd with Eyes consenting
And sparkling Inclination.
Like *Citherea* smiling,
She blush'd, and laid his Passion;
The Shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this Recantation.

P A L I N O D E.

*How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's Pain and Care!*

And

*And what Joys the Nymph's appearing,
After Absence or Despair !*

Women wise encrease Desiring,

By contriving kind Delays ;

And advancing, or retiring,

All they mean is more to please.

A B S E N C E.

A ^{[proves,} H ! what Pains, what racking Thoughts he
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
In cruel Absence doom'd past Joys to mourn,
And think on Hours that will no more return.
Oh ! let me ne'er the Pangs of Absence try,
Save me from Absence, Love, or let me die.

S O N G.

S O N G.

FALSE though she be to me and Love,
 I'll ne'er pursue Revenge;
 For still the Charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her Change.

In Hours of Bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last;
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

SONG in DIALOGUE,
 For TWO WOMEN.

I.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
 I've try'd his Faith, and found him true,
 And all my Coyneſs bid adieu.

2. I

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,
 Yet still my *Thyrsis* shall complain;
 I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,
 But when I yield, I fear to loose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious Fasting.
2. And both will tire with often Tasting,
 When they find the Blifs not lasting.

1. Love is compleat in kind Possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the Blessing.

Chorus of both.

*Then let us beware how far we consent,
 Too soon when we yield, too late we repent ;
 'Tis Ignorance makes Men admire:
 And granting Desire,
 We feed not the Fire,
 But make it more quickly expire.*

S O N G.

S O N G.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;
That *Cloe's* false and common:
I always knew (at least believ'd):

She was a very Woman;
As such, I lik'd, as such, carefs'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no Man.

II.

But oh! her Thoughts on others ran,
And, that, you think a hard thing;
Perhaps, she fancy'd you the Man,
And what care I one Farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her Body, you her Mind,
Who has the better Bargain?

THE
P E T I T I O N.

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,
One dear Blessing e'er I die;
Long I've born Excess of Pain,
Let me now some Blifs obtain.

Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry, thus the God reply'd.

Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not *Amynta's* Slave?
Cease, fond Mortal, to implore,
For Love, Love himself's no more.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

CRuel *Amynta*, can you see
A Heart thus torn which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me.

But through your Eyes the Conquest made.

II.

In Ambush there the Traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless Smiles:
No Wretches are so lost as they,
Whom much Security beguiles.

S O N G.

I.

SEE, see she wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
And now the Sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

II.

With Light united, Day they give,
 But different Fates e'er Night fulfil:
 How many by his Warmth will live!
 How many will her Coldness kill!

Occasioned on a

L A D Y's,

H A V I N G

*Writ Verses in Commendation of a Poem
 which was written in Praise of another
 Lady.*

HARD is the Task, and bold th' adventurous
 Of Him, who dares in Praise of Beauty write;
 For when to that high Theme our Thoughts ascend,
 'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
 And he, who praising Beauty, do's no wrong,
 May boast to be successful in his Song:

But

But when the Fair themselves approve his Lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,
His wide Ambition knows no farther Bound,
Nor can his Muse with brighter Fame be crown'd.

E P I G R A M,

W R I T T E N

*After the Decease of Mrs. Arabella
Hunt, under her Picture drawn play-
ing on a Lute.*

WERE there on Earth another Voice like
Another Hand so blest with Skill Divine!
The late afflicted World some Hopes might have,
And Harmony retrieve thee from the Grave.

S O N G.

I.

Pious *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but ask the Favour;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

A
H Y M N
TO
H A R M O N Y.

In Honour of
St. CECILIA's Day,
M DCC I.

Set to Musick by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O *Harmony*, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful Tribute bring
Of Sacred Verse, and sweet resounding Lays;
Thy Aid invoking while thy Pow'r we praise.

All Hail to thee

All-pow'rful *Harmony*!

G 4

Wife.

Wife Nature owns thy undisputed Sway,
 Her wond'rous Works resigning to thy Care;
 The Planetary Orbs thy Rule obey,
 And tuneful Roll, unerring in their way,
 Thy Voice informing each melodious Sphere.

C H O R U S.

All Hail to thee

All-pow'rful Harmony!

II.

Thy Voice, O *Harmony*, with awful Sound
 Could penetrate th' Abyfs profound,
 Explore the Realms of ancient Night,
 And search the living Source of unborn Light.
 Confusion heard thy Voice and fled,
 And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head.
 Then didst thou, *Harmony*, give Birth
 To this fair Form of Heav'n and Earth;
 Then all those shining Worlds above
 In Myftick Dance began to move

Around

Around the radiant Sphere of Central Fire,
A never ceasing, never silent Choir.

C H O R U S.

*Confusion heard thy Voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head.*

III.

Thou only, Goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty Charms in Numbers found;
And didst to Heav'nly Minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful Sound.

When first *Cyllenius* form'd the Lyre,
Thou didst the God inspire;
When first the vocal Shell he strung,

To which the Muses sung;

(plaid,
Then first the Muses sung; melodious Strains *Apollo*
And Musick first begun by thy auspicious Aid.

Hark, hark, again *Urania* sings!

Again *Apollo* strikes the trembling Strings!

And see, the list'ning Deities around

Attend insatiate, and devour the Sound.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

*Hark, hark, again Urania sings !
 Again Apollo strikes the trembling Strings !
 And see, the list'ning Deities around
 Attend insatiate, and devour the Sound.*

IV.

Descend *Urania*, Heav'nly Fair !
 To the Relief of this afflicted World repair ;
 See how with various Woes oppress'd,
 The wretched Race of Men is worn ;
 Consum'd with Cares, with Doubts distress'd,
 Or by conflicting Passions torn.
 Reason in vain employs her Aid,
 The furious Will on Fancy waits ;
 While Reason still by Hopes or Fears betray'd,
 Too late advances or too soon retreats.
 Musick alone with sudden Charms can bind
 The wandring Sense, and calm the troubled Mind.

C H O R U S.

*Musick alone with sudden Charms can bind
 The wandring Sense, and calm the troubled Mind.*

V.

Begin the pow'rful Song, ye Sacred Nine,
Your Instruments and Voices join;
Harmony, Peace, and sweet Desire,
In ev'ry Breast inspire.

Revive the melancholy drooping Heart,
And soft Repose to restless Thoughts impart.

Appease the wrathful Mind,
To dire Revenge and Death inclin'd:
With balmy Sounds his boiling Blood assuage,
And melt to mild Remorse his burning Rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is Peace.

The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,
By Musick lull'd to pleasing Rest.

C H O R U S.

*'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is Peace.
The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,
By Musick lull'd to pleasing Rest.*

VI. Ah,

VI.

Ah, sweet Repose, too soon expiring!

Ah, foolish Man, new Toils requiring!

Curs'd Ambition, Strife pursuing,

Wakes the World to War and Ruin.

See, see, the Battel is prepar'd!

Behold the Hero comes!

Loud Trumpets with shrill Fifes are heard;

And hoarse resounding Drums.

War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,

The Harmony of Peace destroys.

C H O R U S.

War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,

The Harmony of Peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken Fair, with streaming Eyes

Her parting Lover mourn;

She weeps, she sighs, despairs and dies,

And watchful wastes the lonely livelong Nights,

Bewailing past Delights

That

That may no more, no never more return.

O sooth her Cares

With softest, sweetest *Airs*,

'Till Victory and Peace restore

Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,

Within her folding Arms to rest,

Thence never to be parted more,

No never to be parted more.

C H O R U S.

Let Victory and Peace restore

Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,

Within her folding Arms to rest,

Thence never to be parted more,

No never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, *Urania*, heav'nly fair!

Now to thy Native Skies repair,

And rule again the Starry Sphere;

Cecilia comes, with holy Rapture fill'd,

To ease the World of Care.

Cecilia,

Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!

Phæbus himself to her must yield,

And at her Feet lay down

His Golden Harp and Lawrel Crown.

The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd

In the deep Organ's more majestic Sound.

In Peals the swelling Notes ascend the Skies ;

Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,

And lasting as her Name,

Who form'd the tuneful Frame,

Th'immortal Musick never dies.

Grand CHORUS.

Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!

Phœbus himself to her must yield,

And at her Feet lay down

His Golden Harp and Lawrel Crown.

The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd

In the deep Organ's more majestic Sound.

In Peals the swelling Notes ascend the Skies;
 Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,
 And lasting as her Name,
 Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
 Th' immortal Musick never dies.

V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of

Grace LADY Gethin,^x

Occasioned by reading her Book, Intitled

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

After a painful Life in Study spent, [ment;
 The Learn'd themselves their Ignorance la-
 And aged Men, whose Lives exceed the Space,
 Which seems the Bound prescrib'd to mortal Race,

^x She was Daw. of 1st Geo. Norton of abbots Leigh in Somerset
 wife of 1st Nich^l Gethin of Gethin grov in Ireland Bar^t
 She died 11. Oct. 1697. aged 21. - and for perpetuating
 her memory a sermon is to be preached yearly on
 ashwednesday in Westminster Abbey where she was
 Buried - the 2^d Edit. of the work above mentioned was

With hoary Heads, their short Experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.

So hard it is true Knowledge to attain,
So frail is Life, and fruitless Human Pain!

Who-e'er on this reflects; and then beholds,
With strict Attention, what this Book unfolds,
With Admiration struck, shall question Who
So very long could live, so much to know?
For so compleat the finish'd Piece appears,
That Learning seems combin'd with Length of
Years;

And both improv'd by purest Wit, to reach
At all that Study, or that Time can teach.

But to what height must his Amazement rise!
When having read the Work, he turns his Eyes
Again to view the foremost op'ning Page,
And there the Beauty, Sex, and tender Age
Of Her beholds, in whose pure Mind arose
Th' Ætherial Source from whence this Current
flows!

When

When Prodigies appear, our Reason fails,
And Superstition o'er Philosophy prevails.
Some heav'nly Minister we strait conclude,
Some Angel-Mind with Female Form indu'd,
To make a short Abode on Earth, was sent,
(Where no Perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright Example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.
Whether around the Throne, Eternal Hymns
She Sings, amid the Choir of Seraphims;
Or some refulgent Star informs, and guides,
Where she, the blest Intelligence, presides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as Impious to enquire, as Vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark State,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

E P I T A P H

U P O N

ROBERT HUNTINGTON, *of*
Stanton Harcourt, *Esq;* and
ROBERT *his Son.*

THIS peaceful Tomb does now contain
Father and Son, together laid;
Whose living Virtues shall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.

What Man shou'd be, to Ripeness grown,
And finish'd Worth shou'd do, or shun,
At full was in the Father shown;
What Youth cou'd promise, in the Son.

But Death obdurate, both destroy'd
The perfect Fruit, and op'ning Bud:
First seiz'd those Sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

T O
Mr. D R Y D E N,
O N H I S
T R A N S L A T I O N
O F
P E R S I U S.

AS when of Old Heroick Story tells
Of Knights imprison'd long by Magic Spells,
'Till future Time the destin'd Hero send,
By whom, the dire Enchantment is to end:
Such seems this Work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great Revealer of dark Poesie.

Those fullen Clouds, which have for Ages past,
O'er *Persius's* too-long-suff'ring Muse been cast,

Disperſe, and flie before thy Sacred Pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of Light are ſeen.
Sure *Phæbus* ſelf thy ſwelling Breſt inſpires,
The God of Muſick, and Poetick Fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great Surpriſe of Light!
How dawns this Day, forth from the Womb of
[Night!

Our Wonder, now, does our paſt Folly ſhow,
Vainly Contemning what we did not know:
So, Unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The Sacred Oracles, in Myſteries.
Perſius, before, in ſmall Eſteem was had,
Unleſs, what to Antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,
(So far, our Ignorance, our Faith miſ-led)
'Till you, *Apollo's* darling Prieſt, thought fit
To place it in the Poet's Sacred Writ.

As Coin, which bears ſome awful Monarch's Face,
For more than its intrinſick Worth will paſs:

So

So your bright Image, which we here behold,
Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.
To you, we, all this following Treasure owe,
This *Hippocrene*, which from a Rock did flow.

Old *Stoick* Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,
Polish'd by you, in Modern Brilliant shines;
And as before, for *Persius*, our Esteem
To his Antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever Praise from us is due,
Belongs not to Old *Persius*, but the New.
For still Obscure, to us no Light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So, stubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,
'Till Art and Force th' unwilling Sparks reveal;
But thro' your Skill, from those small Seeds of Fire,
Bright Flames arise, which never can Expire.

The ELEVENTH
SATIRE of JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all Manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant Luxury used by the Romans, in their Feasting. The Poet draws the Occasion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his Treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular Invektive against the Vanity and Folly of some Persons, who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the height of Men of great Estates and Quality. He shews us, the miserable End of such Spend-thrifts and Gluttons; with the Manner and Courses, which they took to bring themselves to it; advising Men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes Occasion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the
Greatest

Greatest Men, in former Ages: To which he opposes the Riot and Intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible Remissness, in the Care of Heaven over the Roman State. He instances some lewd Practices at their Feasts, and by the by, touches the Nobility, with making Vice and Debauchery consist with their principal Pleasures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all Cares and Disquiets, for the present; and a moderate use of Pleasures, for the future.

IF Noble ¹ *Atticus* make splendid Feasts,
 And with expensive Food indulge his Guests;
 His Wealth and Quality support the Treat:
 Nor is it *Luxury* in him, but *State*.
 But when Poor ² *Rutilus* spends all he's Worth,
 In hopes of setting one good Dinner forth;
 'Tis down-right Madness; for what greater *Fests*,
 Than *Begging Gluttons*, or than *Beggars Feasts*?

But *Rutilus* is now notorious grown,
 And proves the Common Theme of all the Town.

A Man, in his full Tide of youthful Blood,
Able for Arms, and for his Country's good;
Urg'd ' by no Pow'r, restrain'd by no Advice,
But following his own inglorious Choice:
'Mongst common *Fencers*, practises the Trade,
That End debasing, for which *Arms* were made;
Arms, which to Man ne'er-dying Fame afford,
But his *Disgrace* is owing to his *Sword*.
Many there are of the same ' wretched Kind,
Whom, their despairing Creditors, may find
Lurking in Shambles; where with borrow'd Coin
They buy choice Meats, and in cheap Plenty dine;
Such, whose sole Bliss, is Eating; who can give
But that one Brutal Reason why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: Of these,
The poorest Wretch, is still most hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent Rags, declare
How much, his tatter'd Fortune wants repair,
Wou'd ransack ev'ry *Element*, for Choice
Of ev'ry Fish and Fowl, at any Price;

If brought from far, it very dear has cost,
It has a Flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater Gust. }

In Riot thus, while Money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new Pledges gives;
'Till forc'd of meer Necessity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his Dish, to buy his Meat.
Nothing of Silver, or of Gold he spares,
Not what his Mother's Sacred Image bears;
The broken ' Relick, he with speed devours,
As he wou'd all the rest of's Ancestors,
If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to Sale,
They'd pay the Price of one *Luxurious Meat*.
Thus certain Ruin treads upon his Heels,
The Stings of Hunger, soon, and Want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to serve
Fencers, for miserable Scraps, or starve,

Imagine now, you see a plenteous Feast:
The Question is, at whose Expence 'tis drest.

In great '*Ventidius*, we, the *Bounty* prize;

In *Rutilus*, the *Vanity* despise.

Strange Ignorance! That the same Man, who
knows

How far yond' Mount above this Mole-hill shows,
Shou'd not perceive a difference as great,
Between small Incomes and a vast Estate!

From Heav'n, to Mortals, sure, that Rule was
sent,

Of *Know thy self*, and by some God was meant
To be our never-erring *Pilot* here,

Through all the various Courses, which we steer,

Thersites, ' tho' the most presumptuous *Greek*,

Yet durst not for *Achilles* Armour speak;

When scarce ⁸ *Ulysses* had a good Pretence,

With all th'advantage of his *Eloquence*.

Who-e'er attempts weak Causes to support,

Ought to be very sure he's able for't;

And not mistake strong Lungs and Impudence,

For Harmony of Words, and Force of Sense;

Fools

Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill;

A Wise Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.

If Fortune has a Nigard been to thee,
Devote thy self to Thrift, not *Luxury*;
And wisely make that kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Necessity confines thy Price.
Well may they fear some miserable End,
Whom Gluttony and Want, at once attend;
Whose large voracious Throats have swallow'd

All,

Both Land and Stock, Int'rest and Principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile *Pollio's* Fate,
Who sold his very Ring, to purchase Meat;
And tho' a *Knight*, 'mongst common Slaves now
stands,

Begging an Alms, with undistinguish'd Hands.
Sure sudden Death to such shou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added Year heaps Misery,
Scorn, Poverty, Reproach and Infamy.

But

But there are steps in Villany, which these
Observe to tread and follow, by degrees.
Mony they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small Stock of Credit gone,
Left *Rome* should grow too warm, from thence
they run:

For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,
For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,
Than in the midst of Summer's scorching Heat,
From Crouds, and Noise, and Business to retreat.
One only Grief such Fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the Pleasures left behind;
The Plays and loose Diversions of the Place,
But not one Blush appears for the Disgrace.
Ne'er was of Modesty so great a Dearth,
That out of Count'nance Vertue's fled from Earth;
Baffled, expos'd to Ridicule and Scorn,
She's with *ⁱ⁰ Astrea* gone, not to return.

This Day, my "*Persicus*, thou shalt perceive,
Whether, my self I keep those Rules I give,
Or else, an unsuspected *Glutton* live;
If mod'rate Fare and Abstinence, I prize
In publick, yet in private *Gormondize*.

Evander's " Feast reviv'd, to Day thou'lt see;
The poor *Evander*, I, and thou shalt be
Alcides " and *Æneas* both to me.

Mean time, I send you now your Bill of Fare;
Be not surpriz'd, that 'tis all homely Cheer:
For nothing from the Shambles I provide,
But from my own small Farm, the tend'rest *Kid*
And fattest of my Flock, a *Suckling* yet,
That ne'er had Nourishment, but from the Teat;
No bitter Willow-tops have been its Food,
Scarce Grass; its Veins have more of Milk than
Blood.

Next that, shall Mountain *Sparagus* be laid,
Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly Country-Maid.

The

The largest Eggs, yet warm within the Nest,
Together with the Hens which laid 'em, dress;
Clusters of Grapes, preserv'd for half a Year,
Which, plump and fresh as on the Vines appear;
Apples, of a ripe Flavour, fresh and fair;
Mixt with the *Syrian* and the *Signian* Pear,
Mellow'd by Winter, from their cruder Juice,
Light of Digestion now, and fit for use.

Such Food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted Riot, in a *Senator*:
When the good ⁴ *Curius* thought it no Disgrace,
With his own Hands, a few small Herbs to dress;
And from his little Garden, cull'd a Feast,
Which fether'd Slaves wou'd now disdain to taste;
For scarce a Slave, but has to Dinner now,
The well-dress'd " Paps of a fat pregnant Sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous Treat,
On Birth-Days, Festivals, or Days of State;

A salt, dry Flitch of Bacon to prepare:
If they had fresh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare!
Which rarely hapned: And 'twas highly priz'd
If ¹⁶ ought was left of what they sacrific'd.
To Entertainments of this Kind, wou'd come
The Worthiest and the Greatest Men in *Rome*;
Nay, seldom any at such Treats were seen,
But those who had at least thrice ¹⁷ *Consuls* been;
Or the ¹⁸ *Dictator's* Office had discharg'd,
And now from Honourable Toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to Husband and Manure their Land,
Humbling themselves to those they might Com-
mand.

Then might y'have seen the good old Gen'ral haste,
Before th'appointed ¹⁹ Hour, to such a Feast;
His Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,
Proud of the Conquest of some stubborn Field.
'Twas then, when pious *Consuls* bore the Sway,
And Vice discourag'd, pale and trembling lay.

Our

Our " *Censors* then were subject to the Law,
Ev'n Pow'r it self, of Justice stood in awe.
It was not then, a *Roman's* anxious Thought,
Where largest Tortoise-Shells were to be bought,
Where Pearls might of the greatest Price be had,
And shining Jewels to adorn his " Bed,
That he at vast Expence might loll his Head.
Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply, as he din'd.
The Soldier then, in " *Græcian* Arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with Plunder, from the Field:
If Cups of Silver, or of Gold he Brought,
With Jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious Trappings, streight the Plate he
turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring Spoil his Horse adorn'd ;
Or else a Helmet for himself he made,
Where various Warlike Figures were inlaid:
The *Roman Wolf*, suckling the " Twins was there,
And *Mars* himself, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,
Hov'ring

Hov'ring above his Crest, did dreadful show,
As threatning Death, to each resisting Foe.
No use of Silver, but in Arms was known,
Splendid they were in War, and there alone.
No Side-boards then, with gilded Plate were
drefs'd,
No sweating Slaves, with massive Dishes press'd;
Expensive Riot was not understood,
But Earthen Platters held their homely Food.
Who wou'd not envy them, that Age of Blifs,
That sees with shame the *Luxury* of This?
Heav'n unwearied then, did Blessings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous Hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the God,
He snuff'd their Incense with a gracious Nod;
And wou'd have still been bounteous, as of Old,
Had we not left him for that Idol, Gold.
His Golden²⁴ Statues, hence the God have driv'n:
For well he knows, where our Devotion's giv'n,
'Tis Gold we Worship, though we pray to Heav'n.

Woods of our own afforded Tables then,
Tho' none can please us now but from *Japan*.
Invite my *Lord* to Dine, and let him have
The nicest Dish his Appetite can crave;
But let it on an Oaken Board be set,
His Lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your *Venson's* Rank, or ²⁵ *Ointments* stink.
Order some other Table to be brought,
Something, at great Expence in *India* bought,
Beneath whose *Orb*, large yawning *Panthers* lie,
Carv'd on rich Pedestals of ²⁶ *Ivory*:
He finds no more of that offensive Smell,
The Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An Iv'ry Table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new Vigour to his Teeth were sent,
By *Sympathy* from those o'th' *Elephant*.

But such fine Feeders are no Guests for me:
Riot agrees not with Frugality; Then,

Then, that unfashionable Man am I,
With me they'd starve, for want of Ivory:
For not one inch does my whole House afford,
Not in my very *Tables*, or *Chefs-board*;
Of Bone, the Handles of my Knives are made,
Yet no ill Taste from thence affects the Blade,
Or what I crave; nor is there ever left
Any unfav'ry *Haut-goust* from the Haft.

A hearty Welcome, to plain wholesome Meat,
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No *Sew'rs*, nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
Such as by skilful *Trypherus* are taught:
In whose fam'd Schools the various Forms ap-
pear
Of Fishes, Beasts, and all the Fowls o' th' Air;
And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars*
learn
How to dissect, and the nice Joints discern;

While all the Neighb'rhood are with Noise oppress'd,
From the harsh Carving of his *wooden Feast*.

One me attends a raw unskilful Lad,
On Fragments fed, in homely Garments clad,
At once my *Carver*, and my ³ *Ganymede*;
With diligence he'll serve us while we Dine,
And in plain Beechen Vessels, fill our Wine.
No Beauteous Boys I keep, from ³ *Phrygia*
brought,

No *Catamites*, by shameful *Pandars* taught:
Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their Mother-Tongue;
Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,
With honest Faces, though with uncurl'd Hair.
This Day thou shalt my Rural Pages see,
For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee.
Of Country Swains they both were born, and one
My *Ploughman's* is, t' other my *Shepherd's* Son;
A chearful Sweetness in his Looks he has,
And Innocence unartful in his Face:

Tho'

Tho' sometimes Sadness will o'er-cast the Joy,
And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy;
His absence from his Mother, oft he'll mourn,
And with his Eyes look Wishes to return.
Longing to see his tender Kids, again,
And feed his Lambs upon the flowry Plain;
A modest Blush he wears, not form'd by Art,
Free from Deceit his Face, and full as free his
Heart.

Such Looks, such Bashfulness, might well adorn
The Cheeks of Youths that are more Nobly
born,
But Noblemen those humble Graces scorn.
This Youth, to Day shall my small Treat attend,
And only he with Wine shall serve my Friend,
With Wine from his own Country brought, and
made
From the same Vines, beneath whose fruitful
Shade
He and his wanton Kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish Feast,
With am'rous Songs and ³⁰ wanton Dances grac'd;
Where sprightly Females, to the Middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and frisk in Air;
Whose pliant Limbs in various Postures move,
And twine and bound, as in the Rage of Love.
Such Sights, the languid Nerves to Action stir,
And jaded Lust springs forward with this Spur.
Vertue ³¹ would shrink to hear this Lewdness told,
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives be-
hold;

A needful Help, to make 'em both approve
The dry Embraces of long-wedded Love.
In Nuptial Cinders, this revives the Fire,
And turns their mutual Loathing to Desire.
But she, who by her Sexes Charter, must
Have double Pleasure paid, feels double Lust;
Apace she warms, with an immod'rate Heat,
Strongly her Bosom heaves, and Pulses beat;

With

With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips she
 lies,
 With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,
 Sucking in Passion both at Ears and Eyes.
 But this becomes not me, nor my Estate;
 These are the vicious Follies of the Great.
 Let him who does on Iv'ry Tables dine,
 Whose Marble Floors, with drunken Spawlings
 shine;
 Let him lascivious Songs and Dances have,
 Which, or to see, or hear, the lowdest Slave,
 The vilest Prostitute in all the Stews,
 With bashful Indignation wou'd refuse.
 But Fortune, there, extenuates the Crime;
 What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him:
 The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford,
 A *Vestal* ravish'd, or a *Matron* whor'd,
 Are laudable Diversions in a *Lord*.

But my poor Entertainment is design'd
 T' afford you Pleasures of another kind:

Yet with your Taste your Hearing shall be fed,
And *Homer's* Sacred Lines, and *Virgil's* read;
Either of whom does all Mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill Tone they're Sung,
Verse so sublimely good, no Voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty Cares away,
Thy Jealousies and Fears, and while you may }
To Peace and soft Repose, give all the Day. }
From Thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill
Be free, be all uneasie Passions still.
What tho' thy Wife do with the Morning Light,
(When thou in vain has toil'd and drudg'd all
Night)
Steal from thy Bed and House, abroad to roam,
And having quech'd her Flame, come breathless
home,
Fleck'd in her Face, and with disorder'd Hair,
Her Garments ruffled, and her Bosom bare;
With

With Ears still tingling, and her Eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in Sin, still burning in Desire:
Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
Swelling with Passion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free, from Night-alarms,
You must seem fond, and doating on her Charms,
Take her (the last of Twenty) to your Arms.

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious Thought,
At th' Entrance of my Threshold be forgot;
All thy Domestick Grievs at home be left,
The Wife's Adult'ry, with the Servants Theft;
And (the most racking Thought, which can intrude)
Forget false Friends and their Ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful Mirth at home begin,
While ³² *Megalenſian* Shows are in the ³³ *Circus*
seen:

There

There (to the Bane of Horses) in high State
 The ³⁴ *Prætor* sits, on a Triumphal Seat;
 Vainly with Ensigns, and with Robes adorn'd,
 As if with Conquest, from the Wars return'd.
 This Day all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,
 Without Offence to such a num'rous Crowd,
 To say all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* sweat;
Echos already do their Shouts repeat:
 Methinks I hear the Cry — *Away, away,*
The ³⁵ *Green* have won the Honour of the Day.

Oh, should these Sports be but one Year forborn,
Rome would in Tears her lov'd Diversion mourn;
 For that would now a Cause of ³⁶ Sorrow yield,
 Great as the loss of ³⁷ *Cannæ's* fatal *Field*.
 Such Shows as these, were not for us design'd,
 But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.
 On Beds of *Roses* laid, let us repose,
 While round our Heads refreshing *Ointment* flows;

Our

Our aged Limbs we'll bask in *Phæbus* Rays,
 And live this Day devoted to our Ease.
 Early to Day we'll to the *Bath* repair,
 Nor need we now the common ³⁸ Censure fear:
 On *Festivals*, it is allow'd no Crime
 To Bath, and Eat, before the usual time;
 But that continu'd, wou'd a loathing give,
 Nor could you thus a Week together live:
 For, frequent Use would the Delight exclude:
Pleasure's a Toil, when constantly pursu'd.

Explanatory NOTES on the fore- going SATIRE.

1 **A** Tticus. *The Name of a very Eminent Person in Rome: But here it is meant to signify any one of great Wealth and Quality.*

2 Rutilus. *One who by his own Extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduc'd to the most shameful Degree of Poverty. This likewise, is here made use of, as a Common Name to all Beggarly Gluttons, such whose unreasonable Appetites remain after their Estates are consumed.*

3 Urg'd

3 Urg'd by no Power, restrain'd by no Advice.
*Sometimes Persons were compell'd, by the Tyranny of Nero, to practise the Trade of Fencing, and to Fight upon the Stage, for his inhuman Diversi-
 on; otherwise, seldom any but Common Slaves or
 Condemn'd Malefactors were so employ'd: Which
 made it the greater Reflection on any Person, who
 either voluntarily, or forced by his own Extra-
 vagance, for a Livelyhood (like Rutilus) apply'd
 himself to that wretched Trade.*

Restrain'd by no Advice.

*Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to
 such a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a Shame
 that he was suffer'd to undertake it, and not ad-
 vised, or commanded by the Magistracy, to the
 contrary.*

4 Of the same wretched kind, viz.
Reduc'd to Poverty by riotous living.

5 The broken Relick.

*Broken, or defaced; that it might not be discover'd
 to be his Mother's Picture, when expos'd to Sale.*

6 Ventidius. *A noble Roman, who liv'd Ho-
 spitably.*

7 Therfites. *An Impudent, Deformed, Ill-
 Tongu'd Fellow (as Homer describes him, Iliad 2.)
 who accompany'd the Grecian Army to the Siege
 of Troy; where he took a Privilege often to rail
 and snarle at the Commanders. Some relate, that
 at last Achilles, for his Sawciness, kill'd him
 with a Blow of his Fist. Therefore we are not to
 understand Juvenal, here, as relating a matter of
 Fact;*

Fact; but Thersites is used here, to signifie any body of the same kind: As before, Atticus and Rutilus. The Meaning is, that such as he ought not (neither would he, had he been present) have presumed to oppose Ajax and Ulysses in contending for Achilles his Armour. See his Character admirably improv'd by Mr. Dryden in his Tragedy of Truth found too late.

8 Ulysses. *The most Eloquent of all the Grecian Princes. After Achilles Death, Ajax a fam'd Grecian Warrior pretended to his Armour; Ulysses opposed him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtain'd the Prize. Ovid. Metam. 13.*

9 Pollio. *Brought to that pass, by his Gluttony; that he was forced to sell his Ring, the Mark of Honour and Distinction, worn by Roman Knights.*

10 Astræa. *The Goddess of Justice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden Age.*

Ultima Coelestium Terras Astræa reliquit. Ovid.

11 Persicus. *Juvenal's Friend, to whom he makes an Invitation, and addresses this Satire.*

12 Evander. *A Prince of Arcadia, who unluckily killing his Father, forsook his own Country, and came into Italy; settling in that Place, where afterwards Rome was built. Virgil, Æn. 8. tells us that he entertain'd both Hercules and Æneas, when he was in a low Condition.*

13 Alcides. *Hercules, so called from his Grandfather Alcæus.*

14 Cæ-

14 *Curius Dentatus.* A Great Man who had been three times Consul of Rome, and had triumphed over many Kings; yet as great an Example of Temperance as Courage.

15 *A Dish in great Esteem among the Romans.*
 ——— Nil Vulva pulcrius ampla. *Horat.*

16 *If they kill'd a Sacrifice, and any Flesh remain'd to spare, it was priz'd as an accidental Rarity.*

17 *Consul.* By the Tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus, (the last Roman King) the very Name of King became hateful to the People. After his Expulsion, they assembled, and resolv'd to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Persons, who were to be chosen every Year anew, and whom they call'd Consuls.

18 *Dictator.* Was a General chosen upon some emergent Occasion; his Office was limited to six Months; which Time expired, (if Occasion were) they chose another, or continued the same, by a new Election. The Dictator differ'd in nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the Duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not so hateful to the Romans.

19 *Before th' appointed Hour.*
 It was accounted Greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our three a Clock, Afternoon. But upon Festival Days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary Hour; and alway excusable in old People.

20 Censors. *Were two great Officers, part of whose Business was to inspect the Lives and Manners of Men; they had Power to degrade Knights and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Misdemeanors: And in former Days they were so strict, that they stood in awe one of another.*

21 *The manner of the Romans Eating, was to lie upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain Wood, but afterwards at great Expence, adorn'd with Tortoise-shells, Pearls, and Ivory.*

22 Grecian Arts. *The Romans copied their Luxury from the Greeks; the imitation of whom, was among them as fashionable, as of the French among us. Which occasions this Saying, with so much Indignation in our Poet, Sat. 3.*

— Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam Urbem —

23 Romulus and Remus. *Twins, and Founders of the Roman Empire; whom the Poets feign were Nurst by a Wolf: The Woman's Name being Lupa.*

24 *Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance was displeasing even to the Gods themselves.*

25 *The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet Ointments, at their Feasts, immediately after bathing.*

26 *Ivory was in great esteem among them, and preferr'd to Silver.*

27 Trypherus. *There were in Rome, Professors of the Art of Carving; who taught publickly*
in

in Schools. Of this kind, Trypherus was the most Famous.

28 Ganymede. Cup-bearer.

29 Phrygia. Whence pretty Boys were brought to Rome, and sold publickly in the Markets, to vile Uses.

30 An usual part of the Entertainment, when Great Men Feasted, to have wanton Women dance after a lascivious manner.

31 Virtue would shrink to hear this Lewdness told,

Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives
These Lines in Juvenal, [behold.

Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem præsentibus
ipsis.

in some late Editions, are plac'd nearer the latter End of this Satire: And in the Order of this Translation, wou'd so have follow'd, after Line 349, viz.

Such Shows as these, were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.
But I have continued 'em in this Place after Lubin.
Besides the Example of the Learned Holyday for the same Position; agreeing better here, in my Mind, with the Sense both before and after.
For the Megalensian Games consisting chiefly of Races, and such like Exercises; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary Cause of Shame lay in Female Spectators: But it was a manifest Immodesty, for them to lye by their Husbands, and see the lewd Actions of their own Sex, in the manner describ'd.

32 Megalensian Shows. Games in Honour of Cybele, the Mother of the Gods. She was called *μεγάλη μήτηρ* Magna Mater, and from thence these Games Megalesia, or Ludi Megalenses; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six Days.

33 Circus. The Place where those Games were celebrated.

34 Prætor. An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff. He was to oversee these Sports, and sat in great State, while they were acting; to the Destruction of many Horses, which were spoiled in running the Races.

35 The Green have won the Honour of the Day. In running the Races in the Circus, with Horses in Chariots; there were four distinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were Green, a kind of Russet Red, White, and Blue. One of these Factions was always favoured by the Court, and at this time probably the Green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the Shouts, for Joy of their Party. Afterward Domitian added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate Fondness the Romans had for such Shows.

37 Cannæ. A small Town, near which Hannibal obtain'd a great Victory over the Romans: In that Battel were slain 40000 Men, and so many Gentlemen that he sent three Bushels full of Rings to Carthage, as a Token of his Victory.

38 See the Notes at Fig. 19.

PROLOGUE
TO
QUEEN MARY,
UPON

*Her Majesty's coming to see the Old Batchelour,
after having seen the Double-Dealer.*

BY this repeated Act of Grace, we see
Wit is again the Care of Majesty;
And while thus honour'd our proud Stage appears,
We seem to rival Ancient Theatres.
Thus flourish'd Wit in our Forefathers Age,
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stage.

Whose Wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our Audience will excel:
For never was in *Rome*, nor *Athens*, seen
So fair a Circle, and so bright a Queen.

Long

Long has the Muses Land been over-cast,
And many rough and stormy Winters past;
Hid from the World, and thrown in Shades of
Night,

Of Heat depriv'd, and almost void of Light:
While Wit, a hardy Plant, of Nature bold,
Has strugled strongly with the killing Cold:
So does it still through Opposition grow,
As if its Root was warmer kept by Snow:

But when shot forth, then draws the *Danger* near,
On ev'ry side the gath'ring Winds appear,
And Blasts destroy that Fruit, which Frosts
wou'd spare.

But now, new Vigour and new Life it knows,
And Warmth that from this Royal Presence flows.

[here!
O wou'd She shine with Rays more frequent
How Gay wou'd then, this drooping Land appear!
Then, like the Sun, with Pleasure she might view,
The smiling Earth, cloath'd by her Beams anew.

O'er all the *Meads*, shou'd various Flowers be seen
 Mix'd with the Lawrel's never-fading Green,
 The new Creation of a Gracious Queen.

EPILOGUE

AT THE

Opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, with an Italian Pastoral: Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

WHatever future Fate our House may find,
 At present we expect you shou'd be kind:
 Inconstancy it self can claim no Right,
 Before Enjoyment and the Wedding Night.
 You must be fixt a little e'er you range,
 You must be true 'till you have time to change.
 A Week at least; one Night is sure too soon,
 But we pretend not to a Honey Moon.
 To Novelty we know you can be true,
 But what, alas! or who, is always new?

This

This Day, without Presumption, we pretend
With Novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our House and Scenes are new,
Our Song and Dance, but ev'n our Actors too.
Our Play it self has something in't uncommon,
Two faithful Lovers, and *one* constant Woman.
In sweet *Italian* Strains our Shepherds sing,
Of harmless Loves our painted Forests ring
In Notes, perhaps less Foreign than the *things*,
To Sound and Show at first we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with some Sense,
But that, at present were too great Expence.
We only fear the Beaux may think it hard,
To be to Night from smutty Jests debarr'd:
But in good Breeding, sure, they'll once excuse,
Ev'n Modesty, when in a Stranger Muse.
The Day's at hand, when we shall shift the Scene,
And to your selves shew your dear selves again:
Paint the Reverse of what you've seen to Day,
And in bold Strokes the vicious Town display.

P R O L O G U E

T O

PYRRHUS *King of EPIRUS.*

O UR Age has much improv'd the Warrior's
Art;

For Fighting, now, is thought the weakest Part;

And a good Head, more useful than a Heart.

This way of War, does our Example yield;

That Stage will win, which longest keeps the Field.

We mean not Battel, when we bid Defiance;

But starving one another to Compliance.

Our Troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,

And those which first are hungry, are subdu'd.

And there, in Truth, depends the great Decision:

They conquer, who cut off the Foe's Provision.

Let Fools, with Knocks and Bruises, keep a Pother;

Our War and Trade, is to out-wit each other.

But,

But, hold: Will not the Politicians tell us,
That both our Conduct, and our Foresight, fail us,
To raise Recruits, and draw new Forces down,
Thus, in the dead Vacation of the Town?
To muster up our Rhimes, without our Reason,
And forage for an Audience out of Season?
Our Author's Fears must this false Step excuse;
'Tis the first Flight of a just-feather'd Muse:
Th' Occasion ta'en, when Criticks are away;
Half Wits and Beaux, those rav'nous Birds of Prey.
But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their
Wrath,

Mauling, in mild Lampoon, th' intriguing *Bath*.
Thus does our Author his first Flight commence;
Thus, against Friends at first, with Foils we fence:
Thus prudent *Gimcrack* try'd if he were able
(E'er he'd wet Foot) to swim upon a Table.
Then spare the Youth; or if you'll damn the Play,
Let him but first have his; then take your Day.

EPILOGUE TO ORONOKO.

Spoken by Mrs. *Verbruggen*:

YOU see we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and Arts,
To tempt your Favours, and regain your
Hearts.

We weep, and laugh, join Mirth and Grief together,
Like Rain and Sunshine mixt, in *April* Weather.
Your different Tastes divide our Poet's Cares:
One Foot the Sock, t' other the Buskin wears:
Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Like *Volscius*, Hip-hop, in a single Boot.

Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his Books:
But he makes Feasts for Friends, and not for Cooks.
Tho' Errant-Knights of late no Favour find,
Sure you will be to Ladies-Errant kind.

To

To follow Fame, Knights-Errant make Profession:
We Damsels fly, to save our Reputation:
So they, their Valour show, we, our Discretion.
To Lands of Monsters, and fierce Beasts they go.
We, to those Islands where rich Husbands grow:
Tho' they're no Monsters, we may make 'em so.
If they're of *English* Growth, they'll bear't with
Patience:

But save us from a Spouse of *Oroonoko's* Nations!
Then bless your Stars, you happy *London* Wives,
Who love at large, each Day, yet keep your Lives:
Nor envy poor *Imoinda's* doating Blindness,
Who thought her Husband kill'd her out of Kind-
ness.

[Charms,
Death with a Husband ne'er had shewn such
Had she once dy'd within a Lover's Arms.
Her Error was from Ignorance proceeding:
Poor Soul! she wanted some of our Town Breeding.
Forgive this *Indian's* Fondness of her Spouse;
Their Law no Christian Liberty allows:
Alas! they make a Conscience of their Vows!

If Virtue in a Heathen be a Fault ;
 Then damn the Heathen School, where she was ^{[taught.}
 She might have learnt to Cuckold, Jilt and Sham,
 Had *Covent-Garden* been in *Surinam*.

PROLOGUE *to the* Husband his own Cuckold.

A Comedy written by Mr. J. Dryden, Junior.

THIS Year has been remarkable two ways,
 For blooming Poets, and for blasted Plays.
 We've been by much appearing Plenty mock'd,
 At once both tantaliz'd, and over-stock'd.
 Our Authors too, by their Success of late,
 Begin to think Third Days are out of Date.
 What can the Cause be, that our Plays won't keep,
 Unless they have a Rott some Years like Sheep?
 For our parts, we confess we're quite a sham'd
 To read such weekly Bills of Poets damn'd,
 Each

Each Parish knows 'tis but a mournful Case
When Christnings fall, and Funerals encrease.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be Writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be such Wits, and write such things?
You're willing to be Wasps, but want the Stings.
Let not your Spleen provoke you to that height,
'Odslife you don't know what you do, Sirs, when
you write.

You'll find that *Pegasus* has Tricks, when try'd,
Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;
Ladies and all, I' faith, now get astride.
Contriving Characters, and Scenes, and Plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting Knots;
With the same Ease, and Negligence of Thought,
The charming Play's writ, and Fringe is wrought.
Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When Ladies leave, that Beaux will take the Trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd stop,
But shou'd they write, we must e'en shut up Shop.

How

How shall we make this Mode of Writing sink?

A Mode said I? 'Tis a Disease, I think,

A stubborn Tetter that's not cur'd with Ink.

For still it spreads, 'till each th' Infection takes,

And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.

Our Play to Day is sprung from none of these,

Nor should you Damn it, tho' it does not please,

Since born without the Bounds of your four Seas.

For if you grant no Favour as 'tis new,

Yet as a Stranger, there is something due:

From *Rome* (to try its Fate) this Play was sent,

Start not at *Rome*, for there's no Popery meant;

Tho' there the Poet may his Dwelling chuse,

Yet still he knows his Country claims his Muse.

Hither an Offering his First-born he sends,

Whose good, or ill Success, on you depends.

Yet he has hope some Kindness may be shown,

As due to greater Merit than his own,

And begs the Sire may for the Son atone.

There's his last Refuge, if the Play don't take,

Yet spare young *Dryden* for his Father's sake.

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

C O U R T;

O N T H E

QUEEN's Birth-Day, 1704.

THE happy Muse, to this high Scene preferr'd,
Hereafter shall in loftier Strains be heard;
And, soaring to transcend her usual Theme,
Shall Sing of Virtue and Heroick Fame.
No longer shall she toil upon the Stage,
And fruitless War with Vice and Folly wage;
No more in mean Disguise she shall appear,
And Shapes she wou'd reform be forc'd to wear:
While Ignorance and Malice join to blame,
And break the Mirror that reflects their Shame.

Hence-

Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler Task, [Mask.
 Shew her bright Virgin Face, and scorn the *Satyr's*
 Happy her future Days! which are design'd
 Alone to paint the Beauties of the Mind.
 By just Originals to draw with Care,
 And Copy from the Court a faultless Fair:
 Such Labours with Success her Hopes may crown,
 And shame to Manners an incorrigible Town.

While this Design her eager Thought pursues,
 Such various Virtues all around she views,
 She knows not where to fix, or which to chuse.
 Yet still ambitious of the daring Flight,
 ONE only awes her with Superior Light.
 From that Attempt the Conscious Muse retires,
 Nor to Inimitable Worth aspires;
 But secretly Applauds, and silently Admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial Ray
 That first enliven'd this Auspicious Day :

On

On that bright Star, to whose Indulgent Pow'r
We owe the Blessings of the Present Hour.
Concurring Omens of propitious Fate
Bore, with One Sacred Birth, an equal Date:
Whence we derive whatever we possess,
By Foreign Conquest, or Domestick Peace.

Then, *Britain*, then thy Dawn of Bliss begun:
Then broke the Morn that lighted up this Sun!
Then was it doom'd whose Councils shou'd succeed;
And by whose Arm the Christian World be freed;
Then the fierce Foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the Battel won at *Blenheim's* Glorious
Field.

T H E

THE
T E A R S
O F
AMARYLLIS for *AMYNIA*.
A
P A S T O R A L.

Lamenting the DEATH of
The late Lord Marquiss of *BLANFORD*.

Inscrib'd to the
Right Honourable the Lord *GODOLPHIN*,
Lord High-Treasurer of *England*.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbra

Amisſos queritur fetus————

————— *miserabile Carmen*

Integrat, & mœſtis late loca quæſtibus implet.

Virg. Geor. 4.

‘T WAS at the time, when new returning
Light,

With welcome Rays begins to chear the Sight;
When grateful Birds prepare their Thanks to pay,
And warble Hymns to hail the dawning Day;

When

When woolly Flocks their bleating Cries renew,
And from their fleecy Sides first shake the silver
[Dew.

'Twas then that *Amaryllis*, Heav'nly Fair,
Wounded with Grief, and wild with her Despair,
Forsook her Myrtle Bow'r and Rosie Bed, [dead.
To tell the Winds her Woes, and mourn *Amyntas*
Who had a Heart so hard, that heard her Cries
And did not weep? Who such relentless Eyes?
Tygers and Wolves their wonted Rage forego, }
And dumb Distress and new Compassion shew, }
As taught by her to taste of Human Woe. }
Nature her self attentive Silence kept,
And Motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
The rising Sun restrain'd his fiery Course,
And rapid Rivers listen'd at their Source;
Ev'n Eccho fear'd to catch the flying Sound,
Lest Repetition should her Accents drown;
The very Morning Wind with-held his Breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant Wings the noiseless Trees;

As if the gentle *Zephyr* had been dead,
And in the Grave with lov'd *Amyntas* laid.
No Voice, no whisp'ring Sigh, no murm'ring Groan,
Presum'd to mingle with a Mother's Moan;
Her Cries alone her Anguish could express,
All other Mourning would have made it less.

Hear me, she cry'd, ye Nymphs and Silvan Gods,
Inhabitants of these once lov'd Abodes;
Hear my Distress and lend a pitying Ear, [Pray'r;
Hear my Complaint—you would not hear my
The Loss which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me *Amyntas* now no more.

Have I not Cause, ye cruel Pow'rs, to mourn?
Lives there like me another Wretch forlorn?
Tell me, thou Sun that round the World dost shine,
Hast thou beheld another Loss like mine?
Ye Winds, who on your Wings sad Accents bear,
And catch the Sounds of Sorrow and Despair,
Tell

Tell me if e'er your tender Pinions bore
 Such weight of Woe, such deadly Sighs before?
 Tell me, thou Earth, on whose wide-spreading Base
 The wretched Load is laid of Human Race,
 Dost thou not feel thy self with me oppress?
 Lye all the Dead so heavy on thy Breast?
 When hoary Winter on thy shrinking Head
 His Icy, Cold, depressing Hand has laid,
 Hast thou not felt less Chilness in thy Veins?
 Do I not pierce thee with more freezing Pains?
 But why to thee do I relate my Woe,
 Thou cruel Earth, my most remorseless Foe,
 Within whose darksome Womb the Grave is made,
 Where all my Joys are with *Amyntas* laid?
 What is't to me, tho' on thy naked Head
 Eternal Winter should his Horror shed,
 Tho' all thy Nerves were numb'd with endless Frost,
 And all thy Hopes of future Spring were lost?
 To me what Comfort can the Spring afford?
 Can my *Amyntas* be with Spring restor'd?

Can all the Rains that fall from weeping Skies,
Unlock the Tomb where my *Amyntas* lies?
No, never! never! — Say then, rigid Earth,
What is to me thy everlasting Dearth?
Tho' never Flow'r again its Head should rear,
Tho' never Tree again should Blossom bear;
Tho' never Grass should cloath the naked Ground,
Nor ever healing Plant or wholsom Herb be found.
None, none were found when I bewail'd their Want;
Nor wholsom Herb was found, nor healing Plant,
To ease *Amyntas* of his cruel Pains;
In vain I search'd the Valleys, Hills and Plains;
But wither'd Leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous Weeds distilling deadly Dew.
And if some naked Stalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a fresh and friendly Bud essay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender Shoot,
A shrieking Mandrake kill'd it at the Root.
Witness to this, ye Fawns of ev'ry Wood,
Who at the Prodigy astonish'd stood.

Well

Well I remember what sad Signs ye made,
 What Show'rs of unavailing Tears ye shed;
 How each ran fearful to his mossie Cave,
 When the last Gasp the dear *Amyntas* gave.
 For then the Air was fill'd with dreadful Cries,
 And sudden Night o'erspread the darken'd Skies;
 Phantoms, and Fiends, and wand'ring Fires ap-
 pear'd,

And Skreams of ill-prefaging Birds were heard.
 The Forest shook, and flinty Rocks were cleft,
 And frighted Streams their wonted Channels left;
 With frantick Grief o'erflowing fruitful Ground,
 Where many a Herd and harmless Swain was
 While I forlorn and desolate was left, [drown'd.
 Of ev'ry Help, of ev'ry Hope bereft;
 To ev'ry Element expos'd I lay,
 And to my Griefs a more defenceless Prey.
 For thee, *Amyntas*, all these Pains were born,
 For thee these Hands were wrung, these Hairs were
 For thee my Soul to sigh shall never leave, [torn;
 These Eyes to weep, this throbbing Heart to heave,

To mourn thy Fall I'll fly the hated Light,
And hide my Head in Shades of endless Night:
For thou wert Light, and Life, and Health to me;
The Sun but thankless shines that shews not thee.
Wert thou not Lovely, Graceful, Good and Young?
The Joy of Sight, the Talk of ev'ry Tongue?
Did ever Branch so sweet a Blossom bear?
Or ever early Fruit appear so fair?
Did ever Youth so far his Years transcend?
Did ever Life so immaturely end?
For thee the tuneful Swains provided Lays,
And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy future Praise.
For thee the busie Nymphs stripp'd ev'ry Grove,
And Myrtle Wreaths and Flow'ry Chaplets wove.
But now, ah dismal Change! the tuneful Throng
To loud Lamentings turn the chearful Song.
Their pleasing Task the weeping Virgins leave,
And with unfinish'd Garlands strew thy Grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
There grieving grow to Earth, despair, and die.

This

This said, her loud Complaint of force she ceas'd,
Excess of Grief her fault'ring Speech suppress'd.
Along the Ground her colder Limbs she laid,
Where late the Grave was for *Amyntas* made;
Then from her swimming Eyes began to pour,
Of softly falling Rain a Silver Show'r ;
Her loosely flowing Hair, all radiant bright,
O'er-spread the dewy Grass like Streams of Light:
As if the Sun had of his Beams been shorn,
And cast to Earth the Glories he had worn.
A Sight so lovely sad, such deep Distress
No Tongue can tell, no Pencil can express,

And now the Winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling Air with Sighs to fill;
The Water-Nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like Images of Ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their Streams; as when descending
Rains

Roll the steep Torrents headlong o'er the Plains,

The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her Cries, and at her Griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid Yell,
Dismal to hear, and horrible to tell;
Nothing but Groans and Sighs were heard around,
And Eccho multiply'd each mournful Sound.

When all at once an universal Pause
Of Grief was made, as from some secret Cause.
The balmy Air with fragrant Scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping Tree had Gums distill'd.
Such, if not sweeter, was the rich Perfume
Which swift ascended from *Amyntas* Tomb;
As if th' *Arabian* Bird her Nest had fir'd,
And on the spicy Pile were new expir'd.

And now the Turf, which late was naked seen,
Was sudden spread with lively springing Green;
And *Amaryllis* saw, with wond'ring Eyes,
A flow'ry Bed, where she had wept, arise;

Thick

Thick as the pearly Drops the Fair had shed,
The blowing Buds advanc'd their Purple Head;
From ev'ry Tear that fell, a Violet grew,
And thence their Sweetness came, and thence their
mournful Hew.

Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids,
When Solitude ye seek in gloomy Shades;
Or walk on Banks where silent Waters flow,
For there this lonely Flow'r will love to grow.
Think on *Amyntas*, oft as ye shall stoop
To crop the Stalks and take 'em softly up.
When in your snowy Necks their Sweets you wear,
Give a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear:
To lov'd *Amyntas* pay the Tribute due,
And bless his peaceful Grave, where first they grew.

T O

T O
C R N T H I A,
Weeping and not Speaking.

E L E G Y.

WHY are those Hours, which Heav'n in
pity lent

To longing Love, in fruitless Sorrow spent ?

Why sighs my Fair ? Why does that Bosom move

With any Passion stirr'd, but rising Love ?

Can Discontent find Place within that Breast,

On whose soft Pillows ev'n Despair might rest ?

Divide thy Woes, and give me my sad part,

I am no Stranger to an aking Heart ;

Too well I know the Force of inward Grief,

And well can bear it, to give you Relief :

All Love's severest Pangs I can endure ;

I can bear Pain, tho' hopeless of a Cure.

I know what 'tis to Weep, and Sigh, and Pray,
To wake all Night, yet dread the breaking Day;
I know what 'tis to Wish, and Hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble Love, unkind Disdain;
Anger, and Hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay Jealousie——and I have felt Despair.
These Pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to Love.
'Till warm Compassion took at length my part,
And melted to my Wish your yielding Heart.
O the dear Hour, in which you did resign!
When round my Neck your willing Arms did
twine,
And, in a Kiss, you said your Heart was mine.
Thro' each returning Year, may that Hour be
Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity;
Gay be the Sun, that Hour, in all his Light,
Let him collect the Day, to be more bright,
Shine all, that Hour, and let the rest be Night.

And

And shall I all this Heav'n of Bliss receive
 From you, yet not lament to see you grieve!
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my Breast Desire,
 When your cold Scorn, and Frowns forbid the Fire;
 Now, when a mutual Flame you have reveal'd,
 And the dear Union of our Souls is seal'd,
 When all my Joys compleat in you I find,
 Shall I not share the Sorrows of your Mind?
 O tell me, tell me All—whence does arise [Sighs?
 This Flood of Tears? whence are these frequent
 Why does that lovely Head, like a fair Flow'r
 Oppress'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,
 Bend with its weight of Grief, and seem to grow
 Downward to Earth, and kiss the Root of Woe?
 Lean on my Breast, and let me fold thee fast,
 Lock'd in these Arms, think all thy Sorrows past;
 Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
 So I should think, were I so held by thee.
 Murmur thy Complaints, and gently wound my Ears;
 Sigh on my Lip, and let me drink thy Tears;

Join

Join to my Cheek, thy Cold and Dewy Face,
And let pale Grief to glowing Love give place.
O speak — for Woe in Silence most appears;
Speak, e'er my Fancy magnifie my Fears.
Is there a Cause, which Words cannot express!
Can I nor bear a part, nor make it less?
I know not what to think — Am I in Fault?
I have not, to my Knowledge, err'd in Thought,
Nor wander'd from my Love, nor wou'd I be
Lord of the World, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep a-fresh, and at that Word you start!
Am I to be depriv'd then? — must we part!
Curse on that Word so ready to be spoke,
For through my Lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
And my Tongue talks, unprompted by my Heart.
Yet speak, for my Distraction grows apace,
And racking Fears, and restless Doubts increase;
And Fears and Doubts to *jealousie* will turn,
The hottest Hell, in which a Heart can burn.

A M O.

A M O R E T.

Lady Fitzharding's Daughter x

I.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry Lover;
I'll tell the Signs, by which you may
The wandring Shepherdes discover.

II.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air,
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful Care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
For she'd perswade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

x John Berkeley Vice^t Fitzharding was treasurer
of the Chamber & Teller of the Exchequer in the Reign of 2. Anne
he married Barbara Sister to the E. of Jersey - by whom **IV.** She
had two Daughters. Mary married to Walter Chetwind of
Ingestre Com. Stafford Esq^r - & Frances married to S^r. Tho^s.
Clarges Bart - one of these two Ladies is the person here
satirized.

IV.

She likes her self, yet others hates
For that which in her self she prizes;
And while she Laughs at them, forgets
She is the Thing that she despises.

L E S B I A.

WHEN *Lesbia* first I saw so heav'nly Fair,
With Eyes so bright, and with that awful
Air.

I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his, who snatch'd Cœlestial Fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous Idiot spoke,
Forth from her Coral Lips such Folly broke,
Like Balm the trickling Nonsense heal'd my
Wound,
And what her Eyes enthrall'd, her Tongue un-
bound.

D O.

D O R I S.

Lady Fitzharding

DORIS, a Nymph of riper Age,
 Has ev'ry Grace and Art ;
 A wise Observer to engage,
 Or wound, a heedless Heart.
 Of Native Blush, and Rosie Dye,
 Time has her Cheek bereft ;
 Which makes the prudent Nymph supply,
 With Paint, th'injurious Theft.
 Her sparkling Eyes she still retains,
 And Teeth in good Repair ;
 And her well-furnish'd Front disdains
 To grace with borrow'd Hair.
 Of Size, she is nor short, nor tall,
 And does to Fat incline
 No more, than what the *French* wou'd call,
Aimable Embonpoint.

*Lady Fitzharding - see the former Note -
 and Steele's dedication of his miscellany Farther,
 Mr. Congreve*

Farther, her Person to disclose

I leave — let it suffice,

She has few Faults, but what she knows,

And can with Skill disguise.

She many Lovers has refus'd,

With many more comply'd;

Which, like her Cloaths, when little us'd,

She always lays aside.

She's one, who looks with great Contempt

On each affected Creature,

Whose Nicety would seem exempt,

From Appetites of Nature.

She thinks they want or Health or Sense,

Who want an Inclination;

And therefore never takes Offence

At him who pleads his Passion.

Whom she refuses, she treats still

With so much sweet Behaviour,

That her Refusal, through her Skill,

Looks almost like a Favour.

Since she this Softness can express

To those whom she rejects,

She must be very fond, you'll guess,

Of such whom she affects.

But here our *Doris* far outgoes,

All that her Sex have done;

She no Regard for Custom knows,

Which Reason bids her shun.

By *Reason*, her own *Reason's* meant,

Or if you please, her *Will*:

For when this last is Discontent,

The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her Way;

Whether by Nature taught,

I shall not undertake to say,

Or by Experience bought.

But who o'er-night obtain'd her Grace,

She can next Day disown,

And stare upon the Strange-Man's Face,

As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the Truth disguise,
Such artful Wonder frame,
The Lover or distrusts his Eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a Dream.
Some, Censure this as Lewd and Low,
Who are to Bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow,
Bespeaks a noble Mind.
Doris, our Thanks nor asks, nor needs,
For all her Favours done
From her Love flows, as Light proceeds
Spontaneous from the Sun.
On one or other, still her Fires
Display their Genial Force;
And she, like *Sol*, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of Course.

T O
S L E E P.
E L E G Y.

O Sleep! thou Flatterer of happy Minds,
How soon a troubled Breast thy Falshood
finds!

Thou common Friend, officious in thy Aid,
Where no Distress is shown, nor Want betray'd:
But oh, how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The Wretch, by Fortune or by Love undone!
Where are thy gentle Dews, thy softer Pow'rs,
Which us'd to wait upon my Midnight Hours?
Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring Wings to spread,
With friendly Shade around my restless Bed?
Can no Complainings thy Compassion move?
Is thy Antipathy so strong to Love!

O no! thou art the prosp'rous Lover's Friend,
And dost uncall'd his pleasing Toils attend.

With

With equal Kindness, and with rival Charms,
Thy Slumbers lull him in his fair One's Arms;
Or from her Bosom he to thine retires,
Where sooth'd with Ease, the panting Youth re-
spires,
'Till soft Repose restore his drooping Sense,
And Rapture is reliev'd by Indolence.
But oh, what Fortune does the Lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by Despair!
From racking Thoughts by no kind Slumber freed,
But painful Nights his joyless Days succeed.
But why, dull God, do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my Pain.
Forgive what my distracting Grief has said,
I own, unjustly I thy Sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd Aid repell'd,
And my Reluctant Eyes from rest withheld;
Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle Chains,
And sung with *Philomel* my nightly Strains.

With her I sing, but cease not with her Song,
For more enduring Woes my Lays prolong.
The Morning Lark to mine accords his Note,
And tunes to my Distress his warbling Throat:
Each setting and each rising Sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his Absence and Return.
And all for thee——What had I well nigh said?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming Maid.
No——as the wing'd Musicians of the Grove,
Th' Associates of my Melody and Love,
In moving Sounds alone relate their Pain,
And not with Voice articulate complain;
So shall my Muse my tuneful Sorrows sing,
And lose in Air her Name from whom they spring.
O may no wakeful Thoughts her Mind molest,
Soft be her Slumbers, and sincere her Rest:
For her, O Sleep, thy balmy Sweets prepare;
The Peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
Hush! as the falling Dews, whose noiseless Show'rs
Imperle the folded Leaves of Ev'ning Flow'rs,

Steal

Steal on her Brow: And as those Dews attend,
'Till warn'd by waking Day to re-ascend;
So wait thou for her Morn; then, gently rise,
And to the World restore the Day-break of her
Eyes.

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Occasion'd

By L—y —s *Picture.*

I Yield, O *Kneller*, to superior Skill,
Thy Pencil triumphs o'er the Poet's Quill;
If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her Lays,
It is no more to Rival thee, but Praise.

Oft have I try'd, with unavailing Care,
To trace some Image of the much-lov'd Fair;

M 4

But

But still my Numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring Hands, with matchless Art,
Have shewn my Eyes th' Impression in my Heart;
The bright Idea both exists and lives,
Such vital Heat thy Genial Pencil gives:
Whose daring Point, not to the Face confin'd,
Can penetrate the Heart, and paint the Mind.
Others some faint Resemblance may express,
Which, as 'tis drawn by Chance, we find by Guess.
Thy Pictures raise no Doubts, when brought to
View,
At once they're known, and seem to know us too,
Transcendent Artist! How compleat thy Skill!
Thy Pow'r to act, is equal to thy Will.
Nature and Art, in thee, alike contend,
Not to oppose each other, but befriend:
For what thy Fancy has with Fire design'd,
Is by thy Skill, both temper'd and refin'd.

As in thy Pictures, Light consents with Shade,
And, each, to other is subservient made,
Judgment and Genius so concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect Harmony.

But after-Days, my Friend, must do thee right,
And set thy Virtues in unenvy'd Light.
Fame due to vast Desert, is kept in store,
Unpay'd, 'till the Deserver is no more.
Yet, thou, in present, the best Part hast gain'd,
And from the Chosen Few Applause obtain'd:
Ev'n He who best cou'd judge and best cou'd praise,
Has high extoll'd thee, in his deathless Lays;
Ev'n *Dryden* has immortaliz'd thy Name;
Let that alone suffice thee, think that, Fame.
Unfit I follow, where he led the way,
And court Applause, by what I seem to pay.
My self I praise, while I thy Praise intend,
For 'tis some Virtue, Virtue to commend:
And next to Deeds, which our own Honour raise,
Is, to distinguish them who merit Praise.

To a C A N D L E.

E L E G Y.

THOU watchful Taper, by whose silent Light,
 I lonely pass the melancholly Night;
 Thou faithful Witness of my secret Pain,
 To whom alone I venture to complain;
 O learn with me, my hopeless Love to moan;
 Commiserate a Life so like thy own.
 Like thine, my Flames to my Destruction turn,
 Wasting that Heart, by which supply'd they burn.
 Like thine, my Joy and Suffering they display,
 At once, are Signs of Life, and Symptoms of
 And as thy fearful Flames the Day decline, [Decay,
 And only during Night presume to shine;
 Their humble Rays not daring to aspire
 Before the Sun, the Fountain of their Fire:
 So mine, with conscious Shame, and equal Awe,
 To Shades obscure and Solitude withdraw;
 Nor dare their Light before her Eyes disclose,
 From whose bright Beams their Being first arose,

O V I D's Third Book
OF THE
ART of LOVE.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

WHEREIN

He recommends Rules and Instructions to the Fair Sex, in the Conduct of their Amours: After having already composed two Books for the Use of Men, upon the same Subject.

THE Men are arm'd, and for the Fight prepare;
And now we must instruct and arm the Fair.
Both Sexes, well appointed, take the Field,
And mighty Love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to show
Unequal Force against a naked Foe:
No Glory from such Conquest can be gain'd,
And Odds are always by the Brave disdain'd.

But,

But, some exclaim, what Frensie rules your Mind?
 Would you encrease the Craft of Woman-kind!
 Teach them new Wiles and Arts! As well you may
 Instruct a Snake to bite, or Wolf to prey.
 But, sure, too hard a Censure they pursue,
 Who charge on all, the Failings of a few.
 Examine, first, impartially each Fair,
 Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.
 If *Menelaus*, and the King of Men,
 With Justice, of their Sister-Wives complain;
 If false *Eriphyle* forsook her Faith,
 And for Reward procur'd her Husband's Death;
*Penelope*³ was Loyal still, and Chaste,
 Tho' twenty Years her Lord in Absence pass'd.
 Reflect how *Laodamia*'s Truth was try'd,
 Who, tho' in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Pride,
 To share her Husband's Fate, untimely dy'd. }
 Think how *Alceste*'s Piety was prov'd,
 Who lost her Life, to save the Man she lov'd.

Receive me, *Capaneus*, ' *Evadne* cry'd;
Nor Death it self our Nuptials shall divide!
To join thy Ashes, pleas'd I shall expire.
She said, and leap'd amid the Fun'ral Fire.
Virtue ' her self a Goddess we confess,
Both Female in her Name and in her Dress;
No wonder then, if to her Sex inclin'd,
She cultivates with Care a Female Mind.
But these exalted Souls exceed the Reach
Of that soft Art, which I pretend to teach.
My tender Barque requires a gentle Gale,
A little Wind will fill a little Sail.
Of sportful Loves I sing, and shew what Ways
The willing Nymph must use, her Bliss to raise,
And how to captivate the Man she'd please.
Woman is soft, and of a tender Heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart:
Man has a Breast robust, and more secure,
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.

Men oft are false; and, if you search with Care,
You'll find less Fraud imputed to the Fair.

The faithless ⁸ *Jason* from *Medea* fled,
And made *Creusa* Partner of his Bed.

Bright ⁹ *Ariadne*, on an unknown Shore,
Thy Absence, perjur'd *Theseus*, did deplore.

If then, the wild Inhabitants of Air
Forbore her tender lovely Limbs to tear,
It was not owing, *Theseus*, to thy Care.

Enquire the Cause, and let *Demophoon* tell,
Why ¹⁰ *Phillis* by a Fate untimely fell.

Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd Day,
She fought th'appointed Shore, and view'd the Sea:
Her Fall the fading Trees consent to mourn,
And shed their Leaves round her lamented Urn.

The Prince so far for Piety renown'd,
To thee, ¹¹ *Eliza*, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languishing with Grief,
His Sword alone he left, thy last Relief.

Ye ruin'd Nymphs, shall I the Cause impart
Of all your Woes? 'Twas want of needful Art.
Love, of it self, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful Art perpetuates Desire.
Women had yet their Ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this Art by *Venus* been reveal'd.

Before my Sight the *Cyprian* Goddess shone,
And thus she said; *What have poor Women done?*
Why is that weak, defenceless Sex expos'd;
On ev'ry Side, by Men well-arm'd, enclos'd?
Twice are the Men instructed by thy Muse,
Nor must she now to teach the Sex refuse.
The "Bard who injur'd Hellen in his Song,
Recanted after, and redress'd the Wrong.
And you, if on my Favour you depend,
The Cause of Women, while you live, defend.]
This said, a Myrtle Sprig, which Berries bore,
She gave me (for a Myrtle Wreath she wore.)

The

The Gift receiv'd, my Sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her Presence Inspiration drew.

Attend, ye Nymphs, by Wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my Precepts, while she prompts my Mind.
Ev'n now, in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Prime,
Beware of coming Age, nor waste your Time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning Years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet Delight:

For rolling Years, like stealing Waters, glide;
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing Tide:

Think not, *hereafter* will the Loss repay;
For ev'ry Morrow will the Taste decay,
And leave less Relish than the former Day.

I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd Thorn,
The blooming Rose vy'd with the blushing Morn.
With fragrant Wreaths I thence have deck'd my
Head,

And see, how leaf-less now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the Love-sick Youth reject,
Will prove, in Age, what Pains attend Neglect.

None,

None, then, will press upon your Midnight Hours,
Nor wake, to strew your Street with Morning
Flow'rs.

Then nightly Knockings at your Door will cease,
Whose noiseless Hammer, then, may rust in Peace.

Alas, how soon a clear Complexion fades!
How soon a wrinkl'd Skin plump Flesh invades!
And what avails it, tho' the Fair one swears
She from her Infancy had some grey Hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more Years,
And then the venerable Truth appears.
The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may cast,
And both renew their Youth and Vigour pass'd:
But no Receipt can Human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit Age, without Reprieve.
Then crop the Flow'r which yet invites your Eye.
And which, ungather'd, on its Stalk must die.
Besides, the tender Sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent Births, too soon will Youth impair:

Continual Harvest wears the fruitful Field,
And Earth it self decays, too often till'd.
Thou didst not, *Cynthia*, scorn the *Latmian*¹³ Swain;
Nor thou, *Aurora*,¹⁴ *Cephalus* disdain;
The *Paphian* Queen, who, for ¹⁵ *Adonis*' Fate,
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable since;
Witness¹⁶ *Harmonia*, and the *Dardan* Prince.
Then take Example, Mortals, from above,
And like Immortals live, and like 'em love.
Refuse not those Delights, which Men require,
Nor let your Lovers languish with Desire.
False tho' they prove, what Loss can you sustain?
Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
Tho' constant Use, ev'n Flint and Steel impairs,
What you employ no Diminution fears.
Who would, to light a Torch, their Torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an Ocean dry?
Still Women lose, you cry, if Men obtain:
What do they lose, that's worthy to retain¹⁷?

Think

Think not this said to prostitute the Sex,
But undeceive whom needless Fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle Breeze supplies our Sail,
Now launch'd to Sea, we ask a brisker Gale.
And, first, we treat of Dress. The well-dress'd Vine
Produces plumpest Grapes, and richest Wine;
And plenteous Crops of golden Grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated Ground.
Beauty's the Gift of Gods, the Sexes Pride!
Yet, to how many, is that Gift deny'd?
Art helps a Face; a Face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful Care.
In ancient Days, if Women flighted Dress,
Then Men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
If *Hector's* ¹⁸Spouse was clad in stubborn Stuff,
A Soldier's Wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample Breast, provides
Seven lusty Bulls, and tanns their sturdy Hides;

And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd,
And yet his Wife not elegantly dress'd ?
With rude Simplicity *Rome* first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt
This 'Capitol with that of Old compare ;
Some other *Jove*, you'd think, was worshipp'd there.
That lofty Pile, where Senates dictate Law,
When *Tatius* reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with
And where *Apollo's* Fane refulgent stands, [Straw :
Was heretofore a Tract of Pasture-Lands.
Let ancient Manners other Men delight ;
But me the Modern please, as more Polite.
Not, that Materials now in Gold are wrought,
And distant Shores for Orient Pearls are sought ;
Nor for, that Hills exhaust their Marble Veins,
And Structures rise whose Bulk the Sea restrains :
But, that the World is civiliz'd of late,
And polish'd from the Rust of former Date.
Let not the Nymph with Pendants load her Ear,
Nor in Embroid'ry, or Brocard, appear ;

Too

Too rich a Dress may sometimes check Desire;
 And Cleanliness more animate Love's Fire.
 The Hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a Grace,
 And much become, or mis-become the Face.
 What suits your Features, of your Glass enquire,
 For no one Rule is fix'd for Head-Attire.
 A Face too long shou'd part, and flat the Hair,
 Left, upward comb'd, the Length too much appear:
 So *Laodamia* dress'd. A Face too round,
 Shou'd show the Ears, and with a Tour be crown'd.
 On either Shoulder, one, her Locks displays;
 Adorn'd like *Phæbus*, when he sings his Lays:
 Another, all her Tresses ties behind;
 So dress'd, *Diana* hunts the fearful Hind.
 Dishevell'd Locks most graceful are to some;
 Others, the binding Fillets more become:
 Some plat, like Spiral Shells, their braded Hair,
 Others, the loose and waving Curl prefer.
 But, to recount the several Dresses worn,
 Which artfully each sev'ral Face adorn,

Were endless, as to tell the Leaves on Trees,
The Beasts on *Alpine* Hills, or *Hybla's* Bees.
Many there are, who seem to slight all Care,
And with a pleasing Negligence ensnare;
Whole Mornings oft, in such a Dress are spent,
And all is Art, that looks like Accident.
With such Disorder *Ioë* was grac'd,
When great *Alcides* first the Nymph embrac'd.
So *Ariadne* came to *Bacchus* Bed,
When with the Conqueror from *Crete* she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the Sex, repays
The Losses they sustain, by various ways.
Men ill supply those Hairs they shed in Age,
Lost, like Autumnal Leaves, when North-winds
rage.

Women, with Juice of Herbs, grey Locks disguise,
And Art gives Colour which with Nature vyes.
The well-wove Tours they wear, their own are
thought:
But only are their own, as what they've bought.

Nor need they blush to buy Heads ready dress'd,
And chuse, at publick Shops, what futes 'em best.

Costly Apparel let the Fair one fly,
Enrich'd with Gold, or with the *Tyrian* Dye.
What Folly must in such Expence appear,
When more becoming Colours are less dear?
One, with a Dye is ting'd of lovely Blue;
Such as, thro' Air serene, the Sky we view.
With yellow Lustre see another spread,
As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the Thread.
Some, of the Sea-green Wave the Cast display;
With this, the Nymphs, their beauteous Forms array:
And some, the Saffron Hue will well adorn;
Such is the Mantle of the blushing Morn.
Of Myrtle berries, one, the Tincture shows;
In this, of Amethysts, the Purple glows,
And, that, more imitates the paler Rose.
Nor *Thracian* Cranes forget, whose silv'ry Plumes
Give Patterns, which employ the mimick Looms.

Nor Almond, nor the Chefnut Dye difclain ;
Nor others, which from Wax derive their Name.
As Fields you find, with various Flow'rs o'erfpread
When Vineyards bud, and Winter's Froft is fled ;
So various are the Colours you may try,
Of which, the thirfty Wooll imbibes the Dye.
Try ev'ry one, what beft becomes you, wear ;
For no Complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the Skin, black may become it beft,
In black the lovely Fair "*Briſeis* drefs'd :
If brown the Nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
Andromeda " ſo charm'd the wond'ring Sight.

I need not warn you of too pow'rful Smells,
Which, ſometimes Health, or kindly Heat expels.
Nor, from your tender Legs to pluck with Care
The caſual Growth of all unſeemly Hair.
'Tho' not to Nymphs of "*Caucasus* I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the *Mysian* " Spring ;

Yet,

Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no Neglect,
You let your Teeth disclose the least Defect,
You know the Use of *white* to make you fair,
And how, with *red*, lost Colour to repair;
Imperfect Eye-brows you by Art can mend,
And Skin, when wanting, o'er a Scar extend,
Nor need the Fair One be asham'd, who tries,
By Art, to add new Lustre to her Eyes.

A little Book ²⁵ I've made, but with great Care,
How to preserve the Face, and how repair.
In that, the Nymphs, by Time or Chance annoy'd,
May see, what Pains to please 'em I've employ'd.
But, still beware, that from your Lover's Eye
You keep conceal'd the Med'cines you apply:
Tho' Art assists, yet must that Art be hid,
Lest, whom it would invite, it should forbid.
Who would not take Offence, to see a Face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted Grease?

And

And tho' your Unguents bear th' *Athenian* Name,
The Wooll's unsav'ry Scent is still the same.
Marrow of Stags, nor your *Pomatus* try,
Nor clean your furry Teeth, when Men are by;
For many things, when done, afford Delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the Sight.
Even *Myro's* ²⁶ Statues, which for Art surpass
All others, once were but a shapeless Mass;
Rude was that Gold which now in Rings is worn,
As once the Robe you wear was Wooll unshorn.
Think, how that Stone rough in the Quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect *Venus* shews to View.
While we suppose you sleep, repair your Face,
Lock'd from Observers, in some secret Place.
Add the last Hand, before your selves you show;
Your need of Art, why should your Lover know?
For many things, when most conceal'd, are best;
And few, of strict Enquiry, bear the Test.
Those Figures which in Theatres are seen,
Gilded without, are common Wood within.

But

But no Spectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finish'd, which allures the Eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords Delight,
To have the Fair one comb her Hair in sight;
To view the flowing Honours of her Head
Fall on her Neck, and o'er her Shoulders spread.
But let her look, that she with Care avoid
All fretful Humours, while she's so employ'd;
Let her not still undo, with peevish Haste,
All that her Woman does; who does her best.
I hate a Vixon, that her Maid assails,
And scratches with her Bodkin, or her Nails;
While the poor Girl in Blood and Tears must
mourn,
And her Heart curses, what her Hands adorn.

Let her who has no Hair, or has but some,
Plant Centinels before her Dressing-Room:
Or in the Fane of the good Goddess dress,
Where all the Male-kind are debarr'd Access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a Tale devis'd)
 A Lady at her Toilet once surpriz'd;
 Who starting, snatch'd in haste the Tour she wore,
 And in her hurry, plac'd the hinder Part before.
 But on our Foes fall ev'ry such Disgrace,
 Or barb'rous Beauties of the *Parthian* Race.
 Ungraceful 'tis to see without a Horn,
 The lofty Hart, whom Branches best adorn;
 A Leaf-less Tree, or an unverdant Mead;
 And as ungraceful is a hair-less Head.

But think not, these Instructions are design'd
 For first-rate Beauties, of the finish'd Kind;
 Not to a *Semele*, or " *Leda* bright,
 Nor an " *Europa*, these my Rules I write;
 Nor the fair *Helen* do I teach, whose Charms
 Stirr'd up *Atrides*, and all *Greece*, to Arms;
 Thee to regain, well was that War begun,
 And *Paris* well defended what he won;

What

What Lover, or what Husband, would not fight
In such a Cause, where both are in the right?

The Croud, I teach, some homely, and some fair;
But of the former Sort, the larger Share.
The handsome, least require the Help of Art,
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's Part.
When calm the Sea, at ease the Pilot lyes,
But all his Skill exerts when Storms arise.

Faults in your Person, or your Face, correct;
And few are seen that have not some Defect.
The Nymph too short, her Seat should seldom quit,
Left, when she stands, she may be thought to fit;
And when extended on her Couch she lyes,
Let Length of Petticoats conceal her Size.
The Lean, of thick-wrought Stuff her Cloaths
should chuse,
And fuller made, than what the Plumper use.

If

If Pale, let her the Crimson Juice apply;
If Swarthy, to the²⁹ *Pharian* Varnish fly.
A Leg too lank, tight Garters still must wear;
Nor should an ill-shap'd Foot be ever bare.
Round Shoulders,³⁰ bolster'd, will appear the least;
And lacing strait, confines too full a Breast.
Whose Fingers are too fat, and Nails too coarse,
Should always shun much Gesture in Discourse.
And you, whose Breath is touch'd, this Caution
Nor fasting, nor too near another speak. [take,
Let not the Nymph with Laughter much abound,
Whose Teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a Laugh, or spoils a Face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your Gums,
And lose the Dimple which the Cheek becomes.
Nor let your Sides too strong Concussions shake,
Lest you the Softness of the Sex forsake.
In some, Distortions quite the Face disguise;
Another laughs, that you would think she cries.

In one, too hoarse a Voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot Art attain! Many, with ease,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they
Others, thro' Affectation, lisp, and find, [please.
In Imperfection, Charms to catch Mankind.
Neglect no Means which may promote your Ends;
Now learn what way of Walking recommends.
Too Masculine a Motion shocks the Sight;
But Female Grace allures with strange Delight.
One has an artful Swing and Jut behind,
Which helps her Coats to catch the swelling Wind;
Swell'd with the wanton Wind, they loosely flow,
And ev'ry Step and graceful Motion show.
Another, like an ³¹ *Umbrian's* sturdy Spouse,
Strides all the Space her Petticoat allows.
Between Extreame, in this, a Mean adjust,
Nor shew too nice a Gate, nor too robust.

If

If snowy white your Neck, you still should wear
 That, and the Shoulder of the left Arm, bare.
 Such Sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous Heart,
 And make me pant to kiss the naked Part.

*Sirens*³², tho' Monsters of the stormy Main,
 Can Ships, when under Sail, with Songs, detain:
 Scarce could *Ulysses* by his Friends be bound,
 When first he listen'd to the charming Sound.
 Singing insinuates: Learn, all ye Maids;
 Oft, when a Face forbids, a Voice persuades.
 Whether on Theatres loud Strains we hear,
 Or in *Ruelles* some soft *Egyptian* Air.
 Well shall she sing, of whom I make my Choice,
 And with her Lute accompany her Voice.
 The Rocks were stirr'd, the Beasts to listen staid,
 When on his Lyre melodious³³ *Orpheus* play'd;
 Even *Cerberus* and Hell that Sound obey'd.
 And Stones officious were, thy Walls to raise,
 O *Thebes*, attracted by³⁴ *Amphion's* Lays.

The

The Dolphin, dumb it self, thy Voice admir'd,
And was, ³⁵ *Arion*, by thy Songs inspir'd.

Of sweet ³⁶ *Callimachus* the Works rehearse,
And read ³⁷ *Philetas* and ³⁸ *Anacreon's* Verse.
Terentian Plays may much the Mind improve;
But softest ³⁹ *Sapho* best instructs to Love,
Propertius, *Gallus*, and ⁴⁰ *Tibullus* read,
And let ⁴¹ *Varronian* Verse to these succeed.
Then mighty *Mæro's* Work with Care peruse;
Of all the *Latian* Bards the noblest Muse.
Even I, 'tis possible, in After-days,
May scape Oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
My labour'd Lines, some Readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either Sex in Love.
Whatever Book you read of this soft Art,
Read with a Lover's Voice, and Lover's Heart

Tender Epistles too, by me are fram'd,
A Work before unthought of, and unnam'd.

Such was your sacred Will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, *Apollo*, and *Lyæus*, thine!

Still unaccomplish'd may the Maid be thought,
Who gracefully to Dance was never taught:
That active Dancing may to Love engage,
Witness the well-kept Dancers of the Stage.

Of some odd Trifles I'm ashamed to tell,
Tho' it becomes the Sex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or slur a Dye,
Implies both Cunning and Dexterity.
Nor is't amiss at Chefs to be expert, [vert.
For Games most thoughtful, sometimes, most di-
Learn ev'ry Game, you'll find it prove of Use;
Parties begun at Play, may Love produce.
But, easier 'tis to learn how Bets to lay,
Than how to keep your Temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each Breast is open laid,
And while the Head's intent, the Heart's betray'd.
Then

Then, base Desire of Gain, then, Rage appears,
Quarrels and Brawls arise, and anxious Fears;
Then, Clamours and Revilings reach the Sky,
While losing Gamesters all the Gods defie.
Then horrid Oaths are utter'd ev'ry Cast;
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep at last.
Good *Jove* avert such shameful Faults as these,
From ev'ry Nymph whose Heart's inclin'd to
Soft Recreations fit the Female-kind; [please.
Nature, for Men, has rougher Sports design'd :
To wield the Sword, and hurl the pointed Spear;
To stop, or turn the Steed, in full Career.

Tho' Martial Fields ill sute your tender Frames,
Nor may you swim in *Tiber's* rapid Streams;
Yet when *Sol's* burning Wheels from *Leo* drive,
And at the glowing ⁴² Virgin's Sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd, and fit, you shou'd repair
To pleasant Walks, and breathe refreshing Air.

To *Pompey's* ⁴³ Gardens, or the shady Groves
Which *Cæsar* honours, and which *Phæbus* loves:
Phæbus ⁴⁴, who sunk the proud *Ægyptian* Fleet,
And made *Augustus*' Victory compleat.
Or seek those Shades, where Monuments of Fame
Are rais'd, to *Livia's* and ⁴⁵ *Octavia's* Name;
Or, where ⁴⁶ *Agrippa* first adorn'd the Ground,
When he with Naval Victory was crown'd.
To *Isis* ⁴⁷ Fane, to Theatres resort;
And in the *Circus* see the noble Sport.
In ev'ry publick Place, by turns, be shown;
In vain you're Fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in singing, ⁴⁸ *Thamyra's* transcend;
Your Voice unheard, who cou'd your Skill com-
mend?
Had not ⁴⁹ *Apelles* drawn the Sea-born Queen,
Her Beauties, still, beneath the Waves had been.

Poets inspir'd, write only for a Name,
And think their Labours well repay'd with Fame.

In former Days, I own, the Poets were
 Of Gods and Kings the most peculiar Care;
 Majestick Awe was in the Name allow'd,
 And, they, with rich Possessions were endow'd.
Ennius ^{so} with Honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,
 And, next his own, the Poet's Statue plac'd.
 But now their Ivy Crowns bear no Esteem,
 And all their Learning's thought an idle Dream,
 Still, there's a Pleasure, that proceeds from Praise:
 What could the high Renown of *Homer* raise,
 But that he sung his *Iliad*'s deathless Lays?

[sur'd,

Who could have been of "Danae's Charms af-
 Had she grown old, within her Tow'r immur'd?
 This, as a Rule, let ev'ry Nymph pursue,
 That 'tis her Int'rest oft to come in View,

A hungry Wolf at all the Herd will run,
 In hopes, thro' many, to make sure of one.

So, let the Fair the gazing Croud assail,
That over one, at least, she may prevail.
In ev'ry Place to please, be all her Thought;
Where, sometimes, least we think, the Fish is caught.
Sometimes, all Day, we hunt the tedious Foil,
Anon, the Stag himself shall seek the Toil.

How cou'd *Andromeda* once doubt Relief,
Whose Charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by
Grief?

The widow'd Fair, who sees her Lord expire,
While yet she weeps, may kindle new Desire,
And *Hymen's* Torch re-light with fun'ral Fire. }

Beware of Men who are too sprucely drefs'd;
And look, you fly with speed a Fop profess'd.
Such Tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull Story o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unsteadily they rove,
And never fix'd, are Fugitives in Love.

Such

Such flutt'ring things all Women sure should hate,
Light, as themselves, and more Effeminate.
Believe me; all I say is for your Good;
Had ² *Priam* been believ'd, *Troy* still had stood.

Many, with base Designs, will Passion feign,
Who know no Love, but fordid Love of Gain
But let not powder'd Heads, nor essenc'd Hair,
Your well-believing, easie Hearts ensnare.
Rich Cloaths are oft by common Sharpers worn,
And Diamond Rings fellonious Hands adorn.
So, may your Lover burn with fierce Desire
Your Jewels to enjoy, and best Attire.
Poor *Cloe* robb'd, runs crying thro' the Streets;
And as she runs, *Give me my own*, repeats.
How often, ³ *Venus*, hast thou heard such Cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy *Appian* Votaries?
Some so notorious are, their very Name
Must ev'ry Nymph whom they frequent, defame.

Be warn'd by Ills, which, others have destroy'd,
And faithless Men with constant Care avoid.
Trust not a *Theseus*, fair *Athenian* Maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting Gods betray'd.
And thou, *Demophoon*, Heir to *Theseus'* Crimes,
Hast lost thy Credit to all future Times.

Promise for Promise, equally afford,
But once a Contract made, keep well your Word.
For, she for any Act of Hell is fit,
And, undismay'd, may Sacrilege commit;
With impious Hands cou'd quench the vestal Fire,
Poison her Husband, in her Arms, for Hire,
Who, first, to take a Lover's Gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his Claim denies.

But hold, my Muse, check thy unruly Horse,
And more in sight pursue th'intended Course.

If Love Epistles, tender Lines impart,
And *Billet-doux* are sent, to sound your Heart,

Let all such Letters, by a faithful Maid,
Or Confident, be secretly convey'd. [Care,
Soon from the Words you'll judge, if read with
When feign'd a Passion is, and when sincere.
E'er in return you write, some time, require;
Delays, if not too long, encrease Desire:
Nor let the pressing Youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude Disdain.
Now, let his Hopes, now, let his Fears encrease
But by degrees, let Fear to Hope give place.

Befure avoid set Phrases, when you write,
The usual way of Speech is more Polite.
How have I seen the puzzl'd Lover vex'd,
To read a Letter with hard Words perplex'd!
A Stile too course, takes from a handsome Face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' Chastity be not your Care)
You from your Husband still wou'd hide th' Affair,
Write

Write to no Stranger 'till his Truth be try'd;
Nor in a foolish Messenger confide.

What Agonies that Woman undergoes,
Whose Hand the Traitor threatens to expose;
Who rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that Dread enslav'd!
Such Treachery can never be surpass'd,
For those Discov'ries, sure as Light'ning, blast.
Might I advise, Fraud shou'd with Fraud be paid;
Let Arms repel all who with Arms invade.

But since your Letters may be brought to Light,
What, if in sev'ral Hands, you learn'd to write?
My Curse on him who first the Sex betray'd,
And this Advice so necessary made.
Nor let your Pocket-Book two Hands contain,
First, rub your Lover's out, then, write again.
Still one Contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient Blind;

As if to Women writ, your Letters frame,
And let your Friend, to you subscribe a Female
[Name.]

Now, greater things to tell, my Muse prepare,
And clap on all the Sail the Barque can bear.
Let no rude Passions in your Looks find place;
For Fury will deform the finest Face:
It swells the Lips, and blackens all the Veins,
While in the Eye a *Gorgon* Horror reigns.

When on her Flute divine ⁵⁴ *Minerva* play'd,
And in a Fountain saw the Change it made,
Swelling her Cheek: She flung it quick aside;
Nor is thy Musick so much worth, she cry'd.
Look in your Glafs, when you with Anger glow,
And you'll confess, you scarce your selves can know.
Nor with excessive Pride insult the Sight,
For gentle Looks, alone, to Love invite.
Believe it as a Truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more detestable than Pride.

How

How have I seen some *Airs* Disgust create,
“ *Like things which by Antipathy we hate!*
Let Looks with Looks, and Smiles with Smiles
be paid,
And when your Lover bows, incline your Head.
So, Love preluding, plays at first with Hearts,
And after wounds with deeper piercing Darts.
Nor me a melancholy Mistress charms;
Let sad “*Tecmessa* weep in *Ajax*’ Arms.
Let mourning Beauties, fullen Heroes move;
We chearful Men, like Gaiety in Love.
Let *Hector* in *Andromache* delight,
Who, in bewailing *Troy*, wastes all the Night,
Had they not both born Children (to be plain)
Ine’er cou’d think they’d with their Husbands lain.
I no Idea in my Mind can frame,
That either one or t’other doleful Dame,
Cou’d toy, cou’d fondle, or cou’d call their Lords
My Life, my Soul; or speak endearing Words.

Why

Why, from Comparisons should I refrain;
Or, fear small things by greater to explain?
Observe what Conduct prudent Gen'ral's use,
And how their sev'ral Officers they chuse;
To one, a Charge of Infantry commit,
Another, for the Horse, is thought more fit.
So you your sev'ral Lovers should select,
And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy Lover store of Gold should send;
The Lawyer should, in Courts, your Cause defend.
We, who write Verse, with Verse alone should
Most apt to Love is all the tuneful Tribe. [bribe;
By us, your Fame shall thro' the World be blaz'd;
So ⁵⁶ *Nemesis*, so *Cynthia's* Name was rais'd.
From East to West, *Lycoris* Praises ring;
Nor are *Corrinna's* silent, whom we sing.
No Fraud, the Poet's sacred Breast can bear;
Mild are his Manners, and his Heart sincere.
Nor Wealth he seeks, nor feels Ambition's Fires,
But shuns the Bar; and Books and Shades requires.

Too

Too faithfully, alas! we know to Love,
With Ease we fix, but we with Pain remove;
Our softer Studies with our Souls combine,
And, both, to Tenderness our Hearts incline.
Be gentle, Virgins, to the Poet's Pray'r,
The God that fills him, and the Muse revere;
Something Divine is in us, and from Heav'n
Th'inspiring Spirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis Sin, a Price from Poets to exact;
But 'tis a Sin no Woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your Avarice from Sight,
Lest you too soon your new Admirer fright.

As skilful Riders, rein, with diff'rent force,
A new-back'd Courser, and a well-train'd Horse;
Do you, by diff'rent Management, engage
The Man in Years, and Youth of greener Age.
This, while the Wiles of Love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:

With

With kind Caresses oft indulge the Boy,
And all the Harvest of his Heat enjoy.
Alone, thus blest'd, of Rivals most beware;
Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Rival bear.
Men more discreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which Youth disdains, endure;
No Windows break, nor Houses set on Fire,
Nor tear their own, or Mistresses Attire.
In Youth, the boiling Blood gives Fury vent,
But, Men in Years, more calmly Wrongs resent.
As Wood when green, or as a Torch when wet,
They slowly burn, but long retain their Heat.
More bright is youthful Flame, but sooner dies;
Then, swiftly seize the Joy that swiftly flies.

Thus, all betraying to the beauteous Foe,
How, surely to enslave our selves, we show.
To trust a Traitor, you'll no Scruple make,
Who is a Traitor only for your sake.

Who

Who yields too soon, will soon her Lover lose;
 Wou'd you retain him long, then, long refuse.
 Oft, at your Door, make him for Entrance wait,
 There let him lye, and threaten and entreat.
 When cloy'd with Sweets, Bitters the Taste restore;
 Ships, by fair Winds, are sometimes run ashore.
 Hence springs the Coldness of a marry'd Life,
 The Husband, when he pleases, has his Wife.
 Bar but your Gate, and let your Porter cry
Here's no Admittance, Sir; I must deny:
 The very Husband, so repuls'd, will find
 A growing Inclination to be kind.

Thus far, with Foils you've fought; those laid
 I, now, sharp Weapons for the Sex provide; ^{[aside,}
 Nor doubt, against my self, to see 'em try'd.

When, first, a Lover you design to charm,
 Beware, lest Jealousies his Soul allarm;

Make

Make him believe, with all the Skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy Man.
Anon, by due degrees, small Doubts create,
And let him fear some Rival's better Fate.
Such little Arts make Love its Vigour hold,
Which, else wou'd languish, and too soon grow old.
Then, streins the Courser to out-strip the Wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears be-
Love, when extinct, Suspicions may revive; [hind.
I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
Yet, one Precaution to this Rule belongs;
Let us at most suspect, not prove our Wrongs.
Sometimes, your Lover to incite the more,
Pretend, your Husband's Spies beset the Door:
Tho' free as *Thais*, still affect a Fright;
For, seeming Danger heightens the Delight.
Oft let the Youth in thro' your Window steal,
Tho' he might enter at the Door as well;
And, sometimes, let your Maid Surprise pretend,
And beg you, in some Hole to hide your Friend.

Yet, ever and anon, dispel his Fear,
And let him taste of Happiness sincere;
Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much Fatigue,
He shou'd grow weary of the dull Intrigue.

But I forget to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the Husband, and the Spy.

That Wives shou'd of their Husbands stand in
Agrees with Justice, Modesty, and Law: [Awe,
But, that a Mistress may be lawful Prize,
None, but her Keeper, I am sure, denies.
For such fair Nymphs, these Precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing Mind.
Tho' stuck with '8 *Argus*' Eyes your Keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you shall elude his Care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from Sight,
Can he observe what Letters then you write?

Or,

Or, can his Caution against such provide,
Which, in her Breast, your Confident may hide?
Can he the Note beneath her Garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her Shoe?
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her Back undress,
And, writing on her Skin, your Mind express.
New Milk, or pointed Spires of Flax, when green,
Will Ink supply, and Letters mark unseen.
Fair will the Paper show, nor can be read,
'Till all the Writing's with warm Ashes spread.

Acrisius was with all his Care, betray'd;
And in his Tow'r of Brass, a Grandfire made.

Can Spies avail, when you to Plays resort,
Or in the *Circus* view the noble Sport?
Or, can you be to *Isis* Fane pursu'd,
Or *Cybelle's*, whose Rites all Men exclude?
Tho' watchful Servants to the Bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the Bathing-room.

Or, when some sudden Sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your Sick-bed a Friend?
False Keys a private Passage may procure,
If not, there are more Ways besides the Door.
Sometimes, with Wine, your watchful Follow'r
treat;

When drunk, you may with ease his Care defeat:
Or, to prevent too sudden a Surprise,
Prepare a sleeping Draught, to seal his Eyes:
Or let your Maid, still longer time to gain,
An Inclination for his Person feign;
With faint Resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent Delays, be won.

But, what need all these various doubtful Wiles,
Since Gold the greatest Vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, Men and Gods with Gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry *Jove* with Off'rings is pleas'd.
With Presents, Fools and Wise alike are caught,
Give but enough, the Husband may be bought.
But

But let me warn you, when you bribe a Spy,
That you for ever his Connivance buy;
Pay him his Price at once, for with such Men
You'll know no End of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with Cause complain'd,
Of Jealousie occasion'd by a Friend.
Believe me, Apprehensions of that kind,
Are not alone to our false Sex confin'd.
Trust not too far, your She-Companion's Truth,
Lest she sometimes shou'd intercept the Youth:
The very Confident that lends the Bed,
May entertain your Lover, in your stead.
Nor keep a Servant with too fair a Face,
For such I've known supply her Lady's Place.

But, whither do I run with heedless Rage,
Teaching the Foe unequal War to wage?
Did ever Bird the Fowler's Net prepare?
Was ever Hound instructed by the Hare?

But all Self-ends and Int'rest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my Art.
Defenceless and unarm'd expose my Life,
And for the ³⁷ *Lemnian* Ladies, whet the Knife.

Perpetual Fondness of your Lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, Belief to gain;
Full of himself, he your Design will aid:
To what we wish, 'tis easie to persuade.
With dying Eyes, his Face and Form survey,
Then, sigh, and wonder he so long cou'd stay:
Now, drop a Tear, your Sorrows to assuage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such Proofs as these, will all Distrust remove,
And make him pity your excessive Love.
Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
How can I let this poor fond Creature die?
But chiefly, one, such fond Behaviour fires,
Who courts his Glass, and his own Charms admires.

Proud

Proud of the Homage to his Merit done,
He'll think a Goddes might with ease be won.

Light Wrongs, be sure, you still with Mildness
Nor strait fly out, when you a Rival fear.
Let not your Passions o'er your Sense prevail,
Nor credit lighty ev'ry idle Tale.
Let *Procris* Fate, a sad Example be
Of what Effects attend Credulity.

Near, where his purple Head *Hymettus* shows
And flow'ring Hills, a sacred Fountain flows;
With soft and verdant Turf the Soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling Shrubs the Ground o'er-
shade.

There, Rosemary and Bays, their Odours join,
And with the fragrant Myrtle's Scent, combine.
There, Tamarisks with thick-leav'd Box are found,
And Cytissus, and Garden Pines, abound.

While thro' the Boughs, soft Winds of *Zephyr* pass,
Tremble the Leaves, and tender tops of Grass.
Hither, wou'd *Cephalus* retreat to rest,
When tir'd with Hunting, or with Heat oppress'd:
And, thus, to *Air*, the panting Youth wou'd pray,
Come, gentle Aura, come, this Heat allay.
But some Tale-bearing too officious Friend,
By chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who, with the News to *Procris* quick repair'd,
Repeating Word for Word what she had heard.
Soon as the Name of *Aura* reach'd her Ears,
With Jealousie surpriz'd, and fainting Fears,
Her rosie Colour fled her lovely Face,
And Agonies like Death, supply'd the place;
Pale she appear'd as are the falling Leaves,
When first the Vine the Winter's blast receives.
Of ripen'd Quinces, such the yellow Hue,
Or, when unripe, we Cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her Swoon, her Robes she tore,
Nor her own faultless Face to wound, forbore.

Now,

Now, all dishevell'd, to the Wood she flies,
With ⁶⁰*Bacchanalian* Fury in her Eyes.
Thither arriv'd, she leaves, below, her Friends;
And, all alone, the shady Hill ascends.
What Folly, *Procris*, o'er thy Mind prevail'd?
What Rage, thus, fatally, to lye conceal'd?
Whoe'er this *Aura* be (such was thy Thought)
She, now shall in the very Fact be caught.
Anon, thy Heart repents its rash Designs,
And now to go, and now to stay inclines:
Thus, Love, with Doubts perplexes still thy Mind,
And makes thee seek, what thou must dread to
find.

But still thy Rival's Name rings in thy Ears,
And more suspicious still the Place appears:
But more than all, excessive Love deceives,
Which, all it fears, too easily believes.

And, now, a Chilness run thro' ev'ry Vein,
Soon as she saw where *Cephalus* had lain.

'Twas

'Twas Noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
 The scorching Ardour of the Mid-day Sun;
 With Water, first, he sprinkled o'er his Face,
 Which glow'd with Heat; then sought his usual
Procris, with anxious but with silent Care, [Place.
 View'd him extended, with his Bosom bare;
 And heard him, soon, th'accustom'd Words repeat,
Come Zephyr, Aura come, allay this Heat:
 Soon as she found her Error, from the Word,
 Her Colour and her Temper were restor'd.
 With Joy she rose, to clasp him in her Arms:
 But, *Cephalus*, the rustling Noise alarms;
 Some Beast, he thinks, he in the Bushes hears,
 And strait, his Arrows and his Bow prepares.
 Hold! hold! unhappy Youth! — I call in vain,
 With thy own Hand thou hast thy *Procris* slain.
Me, me, (she crys) thou'st wounded with thy Dart!
But Cephalus was wont to wound this Heart.
Yet, lighter on my Ashes, Earth will lye,
Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die:

Come,

*Come, close with thy dear Hand my Eyes in Death,
Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my Breath.*

Close to his heavy Heart, her Check he laid,
And wash'd, with streaming Tears, the Wound
he made;

At length, the Springs of Life their Currents leave,
And her last Gasp, her Husband's Lips receive.

Now, to pursue our Voyage we must provide,
'Till, safe to Port our weary Bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now shou'd teach
What Rules, to Treats and Entertainments reach.
Come not the first, invited to a Feast;
Rather, come last, as a more grateful Guest.
For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the surest Welcome, when arriv'd.
Besides, Complexions of a courser kind,
From Candle-light, no small Advantage find.

During

During the time you eat, observe some Grace,
Nor let your unwip'd Hands besmear your Face;
Nor, yet, too squeamishly your Meat avoid,
Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all Extreams in either kind, beware,
And still, before your Belly's full, forbear.
No Glutton Nymph, however Fair, can wound,
Tho' more than *Hellen* she in Charms abound.

I own, I think, of Wine the moderate use,
More suits the Sex, and sooner finds Excuse;
It warms the Blood, adds Lustre to the Eyes,
And Wine and Love have always been Allies.
But, carefully from all Intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink 'till you see double, lisp, or sleep.
For in such Sleeps, Brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loath, you have no Pow'r to shun.

And now th'instructed Nymph from Table led,
Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in Bed.

But

But Modesty forbids: Nor more, my Muse
With weary Wings, the labour'd Flight pursues;
Her purple "Swans unyok'd, the Chariot leave,
And needful Rest (their Journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial Care, my Art I show,
And equal Arms, on either Sex bestow:
While Men and Maids, who by my Rules improve,
Ovid, must own, their Master is in Love.

NOTES upon the foregoing TRANSLATION.

¹ **A** Gamemnon and Menelaus, two Brothers,
marry'd two Sisters, Clytemnestra and
Helena, both of 'em preferr'd Galants to their
Husbands Beds.

² Eriphyle, Daughter of Talaon, King of Ar-
gos, for the sake of a Golden Chain, perswaded
her Husband Amphiaraus to go to the Theban War,
in which she knew he must be slain.

³ Penelope, Daughter of Icarus and Polycas-
ta, was marry'd to Ulysses, and much celebrated
by the Ancients for her invincible Chastity.

⁴ When

4 *When Laodamia heard her Husband Protefilaus was kill'd in the Trojan War, she passionately desired to see his Ghost, which being granted her by the Gods, she embraced it so closely that she perish'd in the Embrace.*

5 *She offer'd to dye to lengthen her Husband Admetus's Life.*

6 *Evadne the Daughter of Iphias marry'd Capaneus, who signalized himself in the Theban War.*

7 *Virtue was represented at Rome in a Woman's Habit, and had a Temple and Altars dedicated to her.*

8 *Jason, the Son of Æson, marry'd Medea the King of Colchos's Daughter, who had assisted him in carrying off the Golden Fleece, but afterwards forsook her, and marry'd Creusa Daughter to the King of Corinth.*

9 *Ariadne, the Daughter of Minos King of Crete, being in Love with Theseus, conducted him out of the Labyrinth, by the Means of a Clew of Thread. She fled from Crete with Theseus, who left her on a barren Shore, and she was afterwards marry'd to Bacchus.*

10 *Phyllis, Daughter of Lycurgus King of Thrace, despairing of the Return of Demophoon, Son of Theseus, to whom she had granted her last Favours, was transform'd into an Almond-Tree as she was going to hang her self.*

11 *Æneas and Dido. The pious Hero excus'd his Falshood by the Injunction of the Gods.*

12 *The Poet Stefichorus wrote a bitter Satire against Hellen, for which her Brothers Castor and*

and Pollux pluck'd out his Eyes; but having recanted some time after in his Palinodia, a Poem quite contrary to the former, he was restored to his Sight.

13 Endymion, with whom the Moon fell in Love, and descended to converse with him on Mount Latmos in Caria.

14 Aurora being in Love with Cephalus, who had marry'd Procris the King of Athens his Daughter, found him so invincibly constant to his Wife, that, 'tis said, she was forc'd to ravish him. The Reader will meet with a fuller Account of him at the End of this Book.

15 Adonis, the Son of Cynaras King of Cyprus, was slain by a Boar as he was a hunting, to the unexpressible Grief of the Goddess Venus.

16 Harmonia, or Hermione, was the Daughter of Venus by the God Mars, as was the Dardan Prince Æneas her Son by Anchises.

17 Still Women lose, you cry, &c.

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit.

Quid, nisi quam fumis, dic mihi perdisaquam?

These Verses are not barely translated to the literal Sense which is conceiv'd to be in 'em; but paraphras'd according to the Interpretation of Heinsius, who seems truly to understand the Text, tho' differing in his Conjecture from Scaliger and other Commentators. If any Reader is curious enough to consult the Commentary of Heinsius on this Place, he will find by other Instances cited from Ovid, that aquam fumere was a Phrase appropriate

appropriated to a particular Time and Custom among Women. This had not been insisted on here, had it not been the only Passage in this Book which all other Commentators but Heinsius have render'd unintelligible; for otherwise the Verses are not very considerable: And the most which Ovid says in this Place, is no more than if speaking of eating he had said, Why should any one scruple to use their Hands, when it can cost 'em nothing but a little Water to wash 'em afterwards, which is not worth saving?

18 *Andromache, the Wife of Hector, is always represented as a plain sort of Woman.*

19 *The Capitol was a Hill in Rome, so call'd from a Man's Head, which was found there as the Romans were digging the Foundation of the Temple of Jupiter.*

20 *Iole, Daughter of Eurytus, King of Oechalia, and Wife to Hercules. He took her from her Father by Force, because the King would not consent to it when he return'd from Ætolia, where he had marry'd Deianira.*

21 *Hippodamia the Daughter of Brises, from thence call'd Briseis, fell by Lot to Achilles at the Sack of Lyrnessus.*

22 *Andromeda, the Daughter of Cepheus King of Æthiopia, was for her Mother's Pride exposed to be devoured by an horrible Sea-Monster, but being rescued by Perseus, she was afterwards marry'd to him.*

23 *Caucasus is a Mountain which stretches it self from the East-Indies to Mount Taurus, but goes*

goes by several Names, according as 'tis inhabited by several Nations.

24 Mysia is a Country in Asia Minor bordering upon Troas, remarkable for nothing more than the Worthlessness of its Inhabitants. Ovid saith he is addressing himself to the polite Roman Ladies, and not to the wild Inhabitants of Caucasus and Mysia.

25 He means his Book de Medicamine Faciei, of which we have some Fragments remaining.

26 There were two famous Statuaries of this Name, one a Lycian, and the other of Eleuthera.

27 Semele, the Daughter of Cadmus, and Mother of Bacchus by Jupiter, having the Curiosity to enjoy the God in his Celestial Majesty, was burnt by Lightning. Leda was the Daughter of Thestius, and the Wife of Tyndarus King of Oebalia: Jupiter in the Shape of a Swan enjoy'd her as she was bathing in the River Eurotus.

28 Europa, the Daughter of Agenor King of Phœnicia, was ravish'd by Jupiter in the Shape of a Bull.

29 Pharos was a little Island at the Mouth of the Nile, abounding with Crocodiles, the Entrails of which were excellent to take off Freckles, or Spots in the Face, and whiten the Skin.

30 Analectides, little Bolsters of Flocks. The same Invention is us'd in our Days, both for this Defect in Women, and in calv'd Stockings for the Men. And 'tis satisfactory to the Curious to know the Fashion is 1800 Years old.

31 The Umbrians inhabited a Country joining to the Appenine Hills, which run from Savona, on

the Coast of Genoa, to the Sicilian Streights. This Nation were reckon'd as rustick in their Manners, as strong in Bodies, and stout of Heart. The Poet gives us, in an Umbrian Woman, a just Idea of a Modern Peasant's Wife.

32 *The Syrens were three in number, Parthenope, Leucosia and Ligia, half Women, and half Fish. One made use of her Voice, the second of her Lyre, and the third of her Flute. Their Haunt was on the Coast of Sicily, where they charm'd Voyagers, but Ulysses escap'd them.*

33 *Orpheus was so skilful in playing on the Lyre, that 'tis said he drew after him Trees and wild Beasts, and charm'd Hell with his Musick, whither he went to recover his Wife Eurydice.*

34 *Amphion, the Son of Jupiter and Antiope, is said to have built the Walls of Thebes by the Sound of his Lyre.*

35 *Arion was a Musician of Lesbos. Having got a great deal of Money in his Travels, the Sailors robb'd him and threw him over-board as he was returning home by Sea; but a Dolphin, charm'd with his Musick, convey'd him on his Back safe to Peloponesus, where he procured Perian-der to put the Sailors to Death.*

36 *Callimachus, the Son of Battus, was look'd upon to be one of the wittiest and politest Men of his Age.*

37 *Philetas was a Native of Coos, an Island in the Ægean Sea; he was a celebrated Poet, and Writer of Elegies, and flourish'd under Philip, and his Son Alexander the Great.*

38 Anacreon was a Lyrick Poet of Teios; being a great Lover of Wine, he choak'd himself with a Grape-stone as he was drinking.

39 Sapho was born at Mitylene in the Isle of Lesbos: She writ nine Books of Elegies, and several Epigrams and Satires. Her Sentiments were very tender in her Verses, for which Reason Ovid recommends 'em. According to some Authors, she flung her self into the Sea, because Phaon neglected her.

40 These three were celebrated Poets of the Augustan Age. Propertius was a Native of Umbria, and very much esteemed by Mecænas. Gallus commanded under Augustus in Ægypt; and Tibullus was no less remarkable for his Wit, than his Gallantry and Profusion.

41 Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, of the Province of Gallia Narbonensis, was in Love with a Lady call'd Leucadia, whom he celebrated in his Poetry.

42 The Poet means the Summer Season, when the Sun passes through Cancer, Leo, and Virgo.

43 These were the most noted Gardens in Rome, and in the Field of Mars.

44 'Tis said Phœbus descended at the Battel of Actium, and was present on the Romans side when Augustus beat Mark Anthony.

45 Octavia's Portico built near Marcellus's Theatre.

46 Agrippa marry'd Julia, Augustus's Daughter by Scribonia, and his Father-in-Law honour'd him with a Naval Crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily. One of the Porticos in Rome was built or nam'd by Agrippa.

47 Ovid gives us to understand, in his First Book of the Art of Love, that People frequented the Temple of Isis, on purpose to carry on their amorous Intreigues.

48 Thamyras, the Son of Philammon, was a Poet, and one of the greatest Musicians of his time: Having gain'd the Prize of Singing at the Pythick Games, he met the Muses in his Return homewards, and had the Insolence to give them a Challenge, fancying he cou'd out-do them in that Art, at which the Daughters of Jupiter were so enraged that they deprived him of his Reason, or as Diodorus says they took from him his Voice, and his Art of playing on the Lute.

49 Apelles was for his great Skill call'd the Prince of Painters; his Masterpiece was reckon'd the Venus rising out of the Sea, of which Ovid speaks in this Place.

50 Ennius was the first Roman that wrote Annals in Heroick Verse; his Subject was the Wars of Italy, and particularly the Second Punick War, which he did to compliment his Friend and Patron Scipio, in whose Tomb he was bury'd, and who placed the Poet's Statue near his own, which shows how highly he honour'd him.

51 Danae, Daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos, who having consulted the Oracle, and being told he shou'd be kill'd by her Son, shut her up in a Brazen Tower to prevent it. But Jupiter transforming himself into a Golden Shower, brib'd her Keepers, and got her with Child; which, being born, was the renown'd Perseus. Her Father commanded

manded both the Babe and his Mother to be thrown into the Sea; but being fortunately cast Ashoar on one of the Islands call'd Cyclades, the King of the Island marry'd the Mother; and Perseus, when he was grown up, unwittingly kill'd his Grandfather.

52 Priam, King of Troy, and Father of Paris, who stole Helen, was for restoring her to the Greeks when they demanded her by their Ambassadors; but other Councils prevailing, the War ensu'd, which ended in the Destruction of Troy, and the Death of Priam, who was kill'd by Pyrrhus, Son of Achilles, after forty Years Reign.

53 The Temple of Venus stood in the Appian Way, and was much frequented by the intriguing Roman Ladies, who came thither to meet their Sparks.

54 Minerva playing on her Flute by a River side, and observing in the Water what Grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the Instrument in a Passion.

55 Tecmessa, the Daughter of Teuthrantes a Phrygian Prince, was taken Prisoner by the Grecians, and fell to Ajax his Lot, upon the Division of the Spoil.

56 These are Names the Roman Poets of those times gave their Mistresses in their Verses.

57 Thais was a Name given to all sort of Women of a lewd Character, who however affect Discretion.

58 Argus had an hundred Eyes, and kept Io from Jupiter by Juno's Order, for which Mercu-

ry kill'd him by Command of his Father Jove; to make him amends, Juno turn'd him into a Peacock, and placed his Eyes in his Tail.

59 The Poet alludes here to those wicked Women who rose against the Men, and did not spare their own Husbands.

60 The Priestesses and Priests of Bacchus, who celebrated the Festival of that God, did it with the Noise of Shouts, Drums, Timbrels and Cymbals, were crown'd with Ivy, Vine, &c. and carry'd a Thyrsus or Staff wreath'd with it in their Hands; they were frantick and outrageous in their Actions during this Ceremony.

61 By this Ovid shews he's both a Poet and a Lover, for the Swans are dedicated to Apollo, and are said to draw Venus's Car sometimes, tho' the Doves are oftenest us'd upon that Occasion.

EPISTLE

O F
P L E A S I N G;
A N
E P I S T L E
T O
Sir RICHARD TEMPLE.

TIS strange, dear *Temple*, how it comes to
pass,
That no one Man is pleas'd with what he has.
So *Horace* sings — and sure, as strange is *this*:
That no one Man's displeas'd with what he is.
The Foolish, Ugly, Dull, Impertinent,
Are with their Persons and their Parts content.
Nor is that all; so odd a thing is Man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely Faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd Fops affect the nicest Mien;

Cowards extol true Courage to the Skies,
And Fools are still most forward to advise;
Th'untruded Wretch, to Secrefie pretends,
Whisp'ring his *Nothing* round to *All* as Friends.
Dull Rogues affect the Politician's part;
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with Art;
Who nothing has to lose, the War bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at Taxes rails.
Thus, Man, perverse, against plain Nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd, contrives.
Plautus will dance, *Luscus* at Ogling aims,
Old *Tritus* keeps, and undone *Probus* games.
Noisome *Curculio*, whose envenom'd Breath,
Tho' at a distance utter'd, threatens Death,
Full in your Teeth his stinking Whisper throws;
Nor mends his Manners, tho' you hold your Nose.
Thersites, who seems born to give Offence,
From uncouth Form and frontless Impudence,
Assumes soft *Airs*, and with a Slur comes in,
Attempts a Smile, and flocks you with a Grin.

Rancus

Raucus harangues with a dissuasive Grace,
And *Helluo* invites with a forbidding Face.

Nature, to each allots his proper Sphere,
But, that forsaken, we like Comets err:
Toss'd thro' the Void, by some rude Shock we're
And all our boasted Fire is lost in Smoke. [broke,

Next to obtaining Wealth, or Pow'r, or Ease,
Men most affect, in general to please:
Of this Affection, Vanity's the Source,
And Vanity alone obstructs its Course;
That Telescope of Fools, thro' which they spy
Merit remote, and think the Object nigh.
The Glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just Scales, his Strength and Weakness weigh,
Pursue the Path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper Force adapt his Mind;
Scarce one, but, to some Merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
Who

Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no *Bavius*, but a *Bickerstaffe*.

If *Garth*, or *Blackmore*, friendly Potions give,
We bid the dying Patient drink and live:

When *Murus* comes, we cry, beware the Pill,
And wish the Tradesman were a Tradesman still.

If *Addison*, or *Rowe*, or *Prior* write,

We study 'em with Profit and Delight:

But when vile *Macer* and *Mundungus* rhyme,

We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the Time,

All Rules of Pleasing in this one unite,

Affect not any thing in Nature's spight.

Baboons and Apes ridiculous we find;

For what? For ill resembling Human-kind.

None are, for being what they are, in fault,

But for not being what they wou'd be thought.

Thus, I, dear Friend, to you my Thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the Pleasing Art;

If Art it may be call'd in you, who seem,
By Nature, form'd for Love, and for Esteem;
Affecting none, all Virtues you possess,
And really are what others but profess.
I'll not offend you, while my self I please;
I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praise.
But when such early Worth so bright appears,
And antedates the Fame which waits on Years;
I can't so stupidly affected prove,
Not to confess it, in the Man I love.
Tho' now I aim not at that known Applause
You've won in Arms, and in your Country's Cause;
Nor Patriot now, nor Hero I commend,
But the Companion praise, and boast the Friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this Essay.
How should I show what pleases? How explain
A Rule, to which I never could attain?

To this Objection, I'll make no Reply,
But tell a Tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned Person, once,
Concern'd to find his only Son a Dunce;
Compos'd a Book in favour of the Lad,
Whose Memory, it seems, was very bad.
This Work contain'd a world of wholesome Rules,
To help the Frailty of forgetful Fools.

The careful Parent laid the Treatise by,
'Till Time should make it proper to apply.

Simon at length the look'd-for Age attains,
To read and profit by his Father's Pains;
And now the Sire prepares the Book t'impart,
Which was yclep'd *Of Memory the Art*.

But ah! how oft is human Care in vain!
For now, he could not find his Book again,
The Place where he had laid it, he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the Story that I tell,
Which if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my Case: Like most of theirs who teach;
I ill may practice, what I well may preach.
My self not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the Line, and measure out the Ways.
The *Mulcibers*, who in the *Minories* sweat,
And massive Bars on stubborn Anvils beat,
Deform'd themselves, yet, forge those Stays of Steel,
Which arm *Aurelia* with a Shape to kill.
So *Macer* and *Mundungus* school the Times,
And write in rugged Prose the Rules of softer
Rhymes.

Well do they play the careful Criticks Part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless Art:
Rules for good Verse they first with Pains indite,
Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.

9201

2000-01-01

A
PINDARIQUE
ODE,

Humbly Offer'd to the

QUEEN,

On the Victorious Progress of
Her MAJESTY's Arms, under the Conduct
of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefix'd,

A DISCOURSE on the PINDARIQUE ODE.

— *Operosa parvus*
Carmina fingo. Hor. Ode 2. L. 4.

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ODE

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To which is prefix'd,

A Discourse on the Pindaric Ode.

—Omnis pariter
Carmina Regi. Thom. Odeon. L. 8.

A
DISCOURSE
ON THE
PINDARIQUE ODE.

THE following Ode is an Attempt towards restoring the Regularity of the Ancient Lyrick Poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English Writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of Poems intituled Pindarique Odes; pretending to be written in Imitation of the Manner and Stile of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this Day extant in our Language, one Ode contriv'd after his Model. What Idea can an English Reader have of Pindar, (to whose Mouth, when a Child, the Bees (a) brought their Honey, in Omen of the future Sweetness and Melody of his Songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating Papers of Verses, pretending to be Copies of his Works?

VOL. III.

R

The

(a) Pausan. Boeotic.

The Character of these late Pindariques, is, a Bundle of rambling incoherent Thoughts, express'd in a like Parcel of irregular Stanza's, which also consist of such another Complication of disproportion'd, uncertain and perplex'd Verses and Rhimes. And I appeal to any Reader, if this is not the Condition in which these Titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact Observation of the Measures and Numbers of his Stanza's and Verses, and the perpetual Coherence of his Thoughts. For tho' his Digressions are frequent, and his Transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret Connexion, which tho' not always appearing to the Eye, never fails to communicate it self to the Understanding of the Reader.

The Liberty which he took in his Numbers, and which has been so * misunderstood and misapply'd by

* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace. L. 4. Ode 2. who have apply'd *numerus; fertur lege solutus*, to all the Odes of Pindar; which, there, expressly relates only to his Dithyrambicks, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer, than the Sense of Horace in that Place. He says, Pindar deserves the Laurel, let him write of what, or in what manner soever, viz. first, whether he writes Dithyrambicks, which break through the Bounds prescrib'd to other Odes; Or, secondly, whether he writes of Gods and Heroes, their Warlike Atchievements, &c. Or, thirdly, whether he sings of the Victors in the Grecian Games: Or, lastly, whether he sings in Honour of the Dead, and writes Elegies, &c.

by his pretended Imitators; was only in varying the Stanza's in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever Correspondent one to another in their Turns, and according to the Order of the Ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are Songs of Triumph, Victory or Success in the Grecian Games: They were sung by a Chorus, and adapted to the Lyre, and sometimes to the Lyre and (b) Pipe; they consisted oftneft of Three Stanza's, the first was call'd the Strophé, from the Version or circular Motion of the Singers in that Stanza from the Right Hand to the Left. (c) The second Stanza was call'd the Antistrophé, from the Contraversion of the Chorus; the Singers, in performing that, turning from the Left Hand to the Right, contrary always to their Motion in the Strophé. The Third Stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the After-song) which they

R 2

sung

(b) Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace L. 4. Ode 1. *mistis Carminibus non sine fistula.* and L. 3. Ode 19. *cur pendet tacita fistula cum Lyra?* (c) Or from the Left to the Right, for the Scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in Pind. Schol. *Introduc. ad Olymp.* And Alex. ab Alexandro, L. 4. c. 17. speaking of the Ceremony of the Chorus, says, *Cursum auspiciati a Leva dextrorsum---mox a dextra Laevorsum.* But the Learned Schmidius takes part with the first Opinion, as more consistent with the Notions of the Ancients concerning the Motions of the Heavenly Spheres, and agreeable to Homer there cited by him. See Eras. Schmid. *Prolegom. in Olymp. & de Carmin. Lyric.*

sung in the middle, neither turning to one Hand nor the other.

What the Origin was of these different Motions and Stations in singing their Odes, is not our present Business to enquire. Some have thought that by the Contrariety of the Strophé and Antistrophé, they intended to represent the Contrarotation of the Primum Mobile, in respect of the Secunda Mobilia; and that by their standing still at the Epode, they meant to signify the Stability of the Earth. (d) Others ascribe the Institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the Windings and Turnings of the Labyrinth in celebrating his Return from thence.

The Method observ'd in the Composition of these Odes, was therefore as follows. The Poet having made Choice of a certain Number of Verses to constitute his Strophé or first Stanza, was oblig'd to observe the same in his Antistrophé, or second Stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of Verses and quantity of Feet: He was then again at Liberty, to make a new choice for his third Stanza, or Epode; where, accordingly, he diversify'd his Numbers as his Ear or Fancy led him; composing that Stanza of more or fewer Verses than the former, and those

(d) Pind. Schol. & Schmid. *ibid.*

those Verses of different Measures and Quantities, for the greater Variety of Harmony, and Entertainment of the Ear.

But then this Epode being thus form'd, he was strictly oblig'd to the same (e) Measure, as often as he should repeat it in the Order of his Ode, so that every Epode in the same Ode is eternally the same in Measure and Quantity, in respect to it self; as is also every Strophé and Antistrophé, in respect to each other.

The Lyrick Poet Stesichorus (whom (f) Longinus reckons amongst the ablest Imitators of Homer, and of whom (g) Quintilian says, that if he could have kept within Bounds, he would have been nearest of any Body, in Merit, to Homer) was, if not the Inventer of this Order in the Ode, yet so strict an Observer of it in his Compositions, that the Three Stanza's of Stesichorus became a common Proverb to express a thing universally known, (h) ne tria quidem Stesichori nosti; so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive Ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, he did not so much as know the Three Stanza's of Stesichorus; that

R 3

is,

(e) Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. Cap. 97. l. 3. (f) Longin. de Sub. c. 13. (g) Quint. Inst. l. 10. c. 1. (h) ἢ τὰ τρία Στῆσιχόρου γινώσκεις, de vehementer indocto & imperito dici solitum Erasmi Adag.

is, did not know that an Ode ought to consist of a Strophé, an Antistrophé, and an Epode. If this was such a mark of Ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same Reproof; I mean, in respect of our Imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My Intention is not to make a long Preface to a short Ode, nor to enter upon a Dissertation of Lyrick Poetry in general: But thus much I thought proper to say, for the Information of those Readers whose Course of Study has not led 'em into such Enquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact Copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a Pattern for his Imitators for the future: Far from such Thoughts, I have only given an Instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the Force and Elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the Harmony and Regularity of his Numbers.

Again, we having no Chorus to sing our Odes, the Titles, as well as Use of Strophé, Antistrophé, and Epode, are Obsolete and Impertinent: And certainly there may be very good English Odes, without the Distinction of Greek Appellations to their Stanza's. That I have mention'd 'em here, and observ'd the Order of 'em in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the
extra-

extraordinary Regularity of the Composition of those Odes, which have been represented to us hitherto, as the most confus'd Structures in Nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our Triumphal Odes should consist of the Three aforementioned Stanza's; yet if the Reader can observe that the great Variation of the Numbers in the Third Stanza (call it Epode, or what you please) has a pleasing Effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the First and Second Stanza's, with more Appetite, than he could do if always cloy'd with the same Quantities and Measures, I cannot see why some Use may not be made of Pindar's Example, to the great Improvement of the English Ode. There is certainly a Pleasure in beholding any Thing that has Art and Difficulty in the Contrivance; especially, if it appears so carefully executed, that the Difficulty does not shew it self, 'till it is sought for; and that the seeming Easiness of the Work, first sets us upon the Enquiry. Nothing can be call'd Beautiful without Proportion. When Symmetry and Harmony are wanting, neither the Eye nor the Ear can be pleas'd. Therefore certainly Poetry, which includes Painting and Musick, should not be destitute of 'em; and of all Poetry, especially the Ode, whose End and Essence is Harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his Preface to his Pindarique Odes, speaking of the Musick of Numbers, says, which sometimes (especially in Songs and Odes) almost without any thing else makes an Excellent Poet.

Having mention'd Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that something should be said of him, at a time when the Imitation of Pindar is the Theme of our Discourse. But there is that great Deference due to the Memory, great Parts, and Learning of that Gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the Latitude he has taken in his Pindarique Odes. The Beauty of his Verses, are an Attonement for the Irregularity of his Stanza's; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the Strictness of his Numbers, he has very often happily copy'd him in the Force of his Figures, and Sublimity of his Stile and Sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley, may have been the principal, though innocent Occasion, of so many deformed Poems since, which instead of being true Pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian Painters Term) been only Caricatura's of him, Resemblances that for the most part have been either Horrid or Ridiculous.

For

For my own part I frankly own my Error, in having heretofore mis-call'd a few irregular Stanza's a Pindarique Ode; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same Mistake, would ingenuously confess the Truth, they might own, that never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his Irregularity upon trust; and finding their Account in the great Ease with which they could produce Odes without being oblig'd either to Measure or Design, remain'd satisfy'd; and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceiv'd.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his Name, yet if * Pausanias was well inform'd, we may be assur'd that Brevity was a Beauty which he most industriously labour'd to preserve in his Hymns, notwithstanding, as the same Author reports, that they were but few in Number.

The Shortness of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the Length of the Preface, and in some measure for the Defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same Number of Stanza's with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, which is the first of his Pythicks; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other Beauty,
I

* Bæotic. pag. 588.

*I resolv'd to endeavour to Copy his Brevity,
and take the Advantage of a Remark he has
made in the last Strophé of the same Ode, which
take in the Paraphrase of Sudorius.*

Qui multa paucis stringere Commode
Novere, morsus hi facile invidos
Spernunt, & auris mensq; pura
Omne supervacuum rejectat.

O D E,

O D E.

I.

DAughter of Memory, Immortal Muse,
Calliope; what Poet wilt thou chuse
Of *ANNA*'s Name to Sing?
To whom wilt thou thy Fire impart,
Thy Lyre, thy Voice, and tuneful Art;
Whom raise Sublime on thy Ætherial Wing,
And Consecrate with Dews of thy *Castalian* Spring?

II.

Without thy Aid, the most aspiring Mind
Must flag beneath, to narrow Flights confin'd,
Striving to rise in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal Lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's Praise.
Thy Aid obtain'd, even I, the humblest Swain,
May climb *Pierian* Heights, and quit the low-
[ly Plain.

III.

High in the Starry Orb is hung,
 And next *Alcides* Guardian Arm,
 That ' Harp to which thy *Orpheus* Sung,
 Who Woods, and Rocks, and Winds, cou'd
 [Charm,
 That Harp which on *Cyllenes* shady Hill,
 When first the Vocal Shell was found,
 With more than Mortal Skill
 Inventaer *Hermes* taught to sound.
Hermes on bright *Latona's* Son,
 By sweet Persuasion won,
 The wond'rous Work bestow'd;
Latona's Son, to thine
 Indulgent, gave the Gift Divine:
 A God the Gift, a God th'Invention shew'd.

I.

To that high-sounding Lyre I tune my Strains;
 A lower Note his lofty Song disdains

Who

Who sings of *ANNA*'s Name.

The Lyre is struck! the Sounds I hear!

O Muse, propitious to my Pray'r!

O well known Sounds! O Melody, the same
That kindled *Mantuan* Fire, and rais'd *Mæonian*
[Flame!

II.

Nor are these Sounds to *British* Bards unknown,
Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone:

Witness sweet *Spencer*'s Lays:

And witness that Immortal Song,

As *Spencer* sweet, as *Milton* strong, [raise,
Which humble *Boyn* o'er *Tiber*'s Flood cou'd
And mighty *William* Sing, with well-proportion'd
[Praise.

III.

Rise, Fair *Augusta*, lift thy Head,

With Golden Tow'rs thy Front adorn;

Come forth, as comes from *Tithon*'s Bed

With chearful Ray the ruddy Morn.

Thy lovely Form, and fresh reviving State,

In Crystal Flood of *Thames* survey;

Then,

Then, blest thy better Fate,
 Bless *ANNA*'s most Auspicious Sway.

While distant Realms and neighb'ring Lands,

Arm'd Troops and hostile Bands

On ev'ry Side molest,

Thy happier Clime is Free,

Fair *CAPITAL* of Liberty!

And Plenty knows, and Days of Halcyon Rest.

I.

As *Britain*'s Isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,

Unshaken sees against her Silver Shoars

His foaming Billows beat ;

So *Britain*'s *QUEEN*, amidst the Jars

And Tumults of a World in Wars,

Fix'd on the Base of Her well-founded State,

Serene and safe Looks down, nor feels the Shocks

[of Fate.

II.

But Greatest Souls, tho' blest with sweet Repose,

Are soonest touch'd with Sense of others Woes.

Thus

Thus *ANNA*'s mighty Mind,
To Mercy and soft Pity prone,
And mov'd with Sorrows not her own,
Has all her Peace and downy Rest resign'd,
To wake for Common Good, and succour Human-
[kind.

III.

Fly, Tyranny, no more be known
Within *Europa*'s blissful Bound;
Far as th' uninhabitable Zone
Fly ev'ry hospitable Ground.
To horrid *Zembla*'s Frozen Realms repair,
There with the baleful Beldam, Night,
Unpeopl'd Empire share,
And rob *those* Lands of Legal Right.
For now is come the promis'd Hour,
When Justice shall have Pow'r;
Justice to Earth restor'd!
Again *Astrea* Reigns!

ANNA Her equal Scale maintains,
And *MARLBORÔ* weilds Her sure deciding Sword.

I. Now,

I.

Now, could'st thou soar, my Muse, to Sing the
 In Heights sublime, as when the *Mantuan* Swan
 Her tow'ring Pinions spread ;
 Thou should'st of *MARLBRO* Sing, whose
 Unerring from his *QUEEN*'s Command,
 Far as the 'Seven-mouth'd *Ister*'s secret Head,
 To save th'Imperial State, Her hardy *Britons* led.

II.

Nor there thy Song should end ; tho' all the Nine
 Might well their Harps and Heav'nly Voices join
 To Sing that Glorious Day,
 When Bold *Bavaria* fled the Field,
 And Veteran *Gauls* unus'd to yield,
 On *Blenheim*'s Plain imploring Mercy lay ;
 And Spoils and Trophies won, perplex'd the Vi-
 [ctors way.

III.

But cou'd thy Voice of *Blenheim* Sing,
 And with Success that Song pursue ;
 What

What Art cou'd Aid thy weary Wing
To keep the Victor still in view?
For as the Sun ne'er stops his radiant Flight,
Nor Sets, but with impartial Ray
To all who want his Light
Alternately transfers the Day:
So in the Glorious Round of Fame,
Great MARLBORÔ, still the same,
Incessant runs his Course;
To Climes remote, and near,
His Conqu'ring Arms by turns appear,
And Universal is his Aid and Force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse,
For O! what Notes, what Numbers cou'dst
Tho' in all Numbers skill'd; [thou chuse,
To Sing the Hero's matchless Deed,
Which *Belgia* Sav'd, and *Brabant* Free'd;
To Sing *Ramillia's* Day! to which must yield
'*Cannæ's* Illustrious Fight, and Fam'd '*Pharsalia's*
[Field.

II.

In the short Course of a Diurnal Sun,

Behold the Work of many Ages done!

What Verse such Worth can Raife?

Lustre and Life, the Poet's Art

To middle Virtue may impart;

But Deeds sublime, exalted high like These,

Transcend his utmost Flight; and mock his distant
[Praise.

III.

Still wou'd the willing Muse aspire,

With Transport still her Strains prolong;

But Fear unstrings the trembling Lyre,

And Admiration stops her Song. [ceed;

Go on, Great Chief, in *ANNA*'s Cause pro-

Nor sheath the Terrors of thy Sword,

'Till *Europe* thou hast freed,

And Universal Peace restor'd.

This mighty Work when thou shalt End,

Equal Rewards attend,

Of Value far above

Thy Trophies and thy Spoils;

Rewards even Worthy of thy Toils,
 Thy QUEEN's just Favour, and thy COUNTRY's
 [Love.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 **O**Rpheus was said to be the Son of the Muse Calliope. The Poetical Fiction of the Harp of Orpheus is this. Mercury, the same Day that he was born of Maja in Cyllene, a Mountain of Arcadia, found a living Tortoise, which he carried home with him to his Cradle, and immediately compos'd a Harp of the Shell. A little after he stole the Oxen of Apollo; this caus'd some Difference between the Deities, but the Matter being referr'd to Jupiter, he order'd Mercury to return the Oxen to the right Owner; on this there follow'd not only a Reconciliation but Friendship, and Apollo expressing an extream Pleasure at the Invention of the Harp, Mercury bestow'd it on him as a Pledge of his future Friendship. Of this Homer, in his Hymn to Mercury, speaks at large. Afterwards Apollo inventing another Instrument call'd the Cithara, gave the Lyra to Orpheus. The Muses, after the Death of Orpheus, Translated his Harp into Heav'n, where it became a Constellation, and is plac'd between the Knee and Left Arm of Engonasis or Hercules.

2 Nova Zembla, a miserable Region in the Frigid Zone, where there is neither Tree nor Herb,

but perpetual Frost and Snow, and where, for one half of the Year, it is continual Night.

3 *Lucan in his Third Book, V. 202. gives it the indefinite Epithete of Multifidi Istri. But Ovid, Trist. 2. Solus ad ingressus missus Septemplicis Istri. And Sidonius Apollinaris gives it the same Epithete, on the like Occasion with this Ode, when in his Panegyrick to Majorianus Cæsar, he tells him,*

*Illicet aggredieris, quod nullus tempore nostro
Augustus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis Istri
Agmen in arma rapis ———*

The Ancient Geographers differ'd very much in their Account of the Rise of this River; so that on a double account the same Epithets may be appropriated to it which are usual to the Nile..

4 *Belgia need not only be strictly understood of the Seven Provinces, call'd Belgium Fœderatum, by the Distinction made in the Time of Phil. 2. but may also be interpreted with respect to that which was anciently call'd Belgium, comprehending the lower Germany, in regard of the great Consequences attending such a Victory.*

5 *Cannæ, as inconsiderable a Village as Blenheim, 'till in like manner made Memorable and Illustrious by the great and intire Victory which Hannibal obtain'd there over the Romans.*

6 *Pharsalia, famous for the Overthrow of Pompey by Julius Cæsar; a wonderful Victory, but may justly be said to yield to that of Ramillies; For the Design and End of the first was to enslave Mankind, the manifest Aim and Event of the latter has been to set 'em at Liberty.*

To

To the Right Honourable the
EARL of GODOLPHIN,
Lord HIGH-TREASURER of
GREAT BRITAIN.
PINDARIQUE · ODE.

——— *Quemvis media erue turba:*
Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor ———
Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio: quin per mala praeceps
Fertur ———
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.

Hor. Sat. 4. L. 1.

O D E.

I.

TO hazardous Attempts and hardy Toils,
Ambition some excites;
And some, Desire of Martial Spoils
To bloody Fields invites;

S 3

Others,

Others, insatiate Thirst of Gain,
 Provokes to tempt the dangerous Main,
 To pass the burning Line, and bear
 Th' Inclemency of Winds, and Seas, and Air;
 Pressing the doubtful Voy'ge 'till INDIA'S Shore
 Her spicy Bosom bares, and spreads her shining Ore.

II.

Nor Widows Tears, nor tender Orphans Cries,
 Can stop th' Invader's Force;
 Nor swelling Seas, nor threatening Skies,
 Prevent the Pirate's Course:
 Their Lives to selfish Ends decreed,
 Thro' Blood or Rapine they proceed;
 No anxious Thoughts of ill Repute,
 Suspend th' impetuous and unjust Pursuit:
 But Pow'r and Wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
 Their Fellow-Creatures Fears they raise, or urge
 [their Hate.

III.

But not for these, his Iv'ry Lyre
 Will tuneful *Phæbus* string,

Nor

Nor *Polyhymnia* crown'd amid the Choir,
Th' immortal Epode sing.

Thy Springs, ' *Castalia*, turn their Streams aside
From Rapine, Avarice, and Pride;

Nor do thy Greens, shady ' *Aonia*, grow,
To bind with Wreaths a Tyrant's Brow.

I.

How just, most mighty *Jove*, yet how severe
Is thy supreme Decree,

That impious Men shall joyless hear
The Muses Harmony!

Their sacred Songs, (the Recompence
Of Virtue, and of Innocence)

Which pious Minds to Rapture raise,

And worthy Deeds, at once excite and praise,

To guilty Hearts afford no kind Relief;

But add inflaming Rage, and more afflicting Grief.

II.

Monstrous ' *Typhæus*, thus, new Terrors fill,

He, who assail'd the Skies,

And now, beneath the burning Hill
Of dreadful *Ætna* lyes.

Hearing the Lyre's Celestial Sound,
He bellows in th'Abyfs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his Roar,

Tremble the Seas, and far *Campania's* Shoar;
While all his hundred Mouths, at once expire
Volumes of curling Smoke, and Floods of liquid
[Fire.

III.

From Heav'n alone, all Good proceeds;
To heav'nly Minds belong
All Pow'r and Love, GODOLPHIN, of good Deeds,
And Sense of Sacred Song!
And thus, most pleasing are the Muse's Lays
To them who merit most her Praise;
Wherefore, for thee, her Iv'ry Lyre she strings,
And soars with Rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether, Affairs of most important Weight
Require thy aiding Hand,

And

And *ANNA*'s Cause and *Europe*'s Fate

Thy serious Thoughts demand;

Whether, thy Days and Nights are spent

In Cares, on Publick Good intent;

Or, whether, leisure Hours invite

To manly Sports, or to refin'd Delight;

In Courts residing, or to Plains retir'd,

Where gen'rous Steeds contest, with Emulation

II. [fir'd;

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy Name,

As once she 'Theron sung,

While with the deathless Worthy's Fame

Olympian 'Pisa rung:

Nor less Sublime, is now, her Choice,

Nor less inspir'd by thee, her Voice.

And now, she loves aloft to sound

The Man for more than Mortal Deeds renown'd;

Vary'ing anon her Theme, she takes Delight

The swift-heel'd 'Horse to praise, and sing his
[rapid Flight.

III. And

III.

And see! the ⁸ Air-born Racers start,
 Impatient of the Rein;
 Faster they run, than flies the *Scythian* Dart,
 Nor passing, print the Plain!
 The Winds themselves who with their Swiftneſs
 In vain their airy Pinions ply; [vye,
 So far in matchleſs Speed, thy Courſers paſs
 Th' *Ætherial* Authors of their Race.

I.

And now, a while, the well-ſtrain'd Courſers [breath;
 And now, my Muſe, prepare
 Of ⁹ Olive Leaves a twiſted Wreath
 To bind the Victor's Hair.
¹⁰ *Pallas*, in care of Human-kind,
 The fruitful Olive firſt deſign'd;
 Deep in the Glebe her Spear ſhe lanc'd,
 When all at once, the laden Boughs advanc'd:
 The Gods with Wonder view'd the teeming
 [Earth,
 And all with one Conſent, approv'd the beauteous
 [Birth.

II.

This done, Earth-shaking *Neptune* next essay'd,

In Bounty to the World,

To emulate the blue-ey'd Maid;

And his huge Trident hurl'd

Against the founding Beach; the Stroke

Transfix'd the Globe, and open broke

The Central Earth, whence, swift as Light

Forth rush'd the first-born Horse. Stupendous

[Sight!

Neptune, for human Good the Beast ordains,

Whom soon he tam'd to Use, and taught to *bear the*

[*Reins.*

III.

Thus Gods contended, (noble Strife!

Worthy the heav'nly Mind)

Who most should do to soften anxious Life,

And most endear Mankind.

[strive,

Thus, thou GODOLPHIN, dost with MARLBOROUGH

From whose joint Toils we Rest derive:

Triumph in Wars abroad his Arm assures,

Sweet Peace at home thy Care secures.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 **C**ommonly Castalius, but by Virg. Geor. 3. called Castalia, a Fountain at the Foot of Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.

2 Aonia, the hilly and woody Part of Bæotia, believ'd to have been much frequented by the Muses.

3 That impious Men shall joyless hear, &c. This Thought or Opinion is borrow'd from Pindar, Pyth. 1. where he says — But such Men whom Jupiter hates are confounded with Terror when they hear the sweet Harmony of the Muses. This Passage is often cited by Plutarch, and others, in favour of Musick and Poetry. Mr. Cowley in his Notes on his Davideis, Book 1. on David's dispossessing Saul of the Evil Spirit, collects a great number of surprizing Citations on this Subject.

4 Typhœus, one of the Giants who attempted to storm Heav'n; but Jupiter struck him with Thunder, and laid him under the Island of Sicily, with Ætna on his Breast. This Stanza is also copied from the same Ode of Pindar, where this Monster is said to have an hundred Heads, as also in Olymp. 4.

5 Theron, a Prince of Agrigentum, to whom Pindar addresses his second and third Olympick.

6 Pisa, a Town in Peloponnesus, near to which the Olympick Games were celebrated.

7 So Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. speaks of Pindar—
as singing sometimes the Hero, sometimes the Horse
—Pugilemve Equumve dicit, &c.

8 Air-born. Alluding to the Notion that Mares
have conceiv'd by the Western Wind, without the
Assistance of a Horse: See Virg. Geor. 3. ver. 273.
from whence Tasso has borrow'd the Birth of Ray-
mond's Horse Gierusalem, Canto 7.

Volta l'aperta bocca incontro l'ora
Raccoglie i semi del fecondo vento,
E de tepidi fiati (ô meraviglia!) &c.

Virg: ————— illæ

Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum, stant rupibus
altis,

Exceptantque Leves auras: & sæpe sine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!) &c.

9 Olive Leaves. An Olive Garland was the
Reward of Victory in the Olympick Games.

10 Pallas, &c. The Fable on which this Di-
gression is founded, is, that Neptune and Pallas
had a Contention who should give the Name to A-
thens; and it was agreed, that which of 'em
should confer the greatest Benefit on Mankind,
should obtain the Victory. The Gods were assem-
bled in Judgment, and Pallas struck the Earth with
her Spear, whence up sprung the fruitful Olive-
tree; then Neptune in his turn darted his Trident
against the Earth, which opening was deliver'd of
a Horse; but the Victory was adjudg'd to Pallas.

II To hear the Reins — They who do not remember Virgil, may think this Metaphor too bold. He has ventur'd to apply it ev'n to the Chariot rather than the Horses, Georg. 1.

Fertur equis auriga, neq; audit currus habenas.

HOMER'S

H O M E R's

H Y M N

T O

V E N U S:

Translated into

ENGLISH VERSE.

FROM

MY

TO

NEW

Translated into

ENGLISH VERSE.

T O T H E
R E A D E R
Of the Ensuing
H Y M N.

OF the three greater Hymns of Homer, viz. one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its Design, and connected in its Parts. The other two abound more in Digressions both Geographical and Mythological, and contain many Allusions to ancient Customs and History, which without a Commentary could not well be understood by the generality of Readers. These Considerations determin'd me to acquiesce in the Translation of this Hymn; tho' I had once entertain'd Thoughts of turning 'em all three into English Verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary Pleasure; I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the Censures of some Grammarians, who have deny'd or at least doubted them to be genuine.

A Poem which is good in it self, cannot really lose any thing of its Value, tho' it should appear, upon a strict Enquiry, not to be the Work of so eminent an Author, as him, to whom it was first imputed. But all Truth is so amiable in it self,

that even where it is of least Importance there is a Pleasure in the Search after it, and a Satisfaction in the Vindication of it.

Tho' the Beauties of this ensuing Poem, in the Original, want not even the Name of Homer to recommend 'em, and much less does that mighty Name stand in need of their Reputation, yet, if they are his, 'tis an Injustice to him to ascribe 'em to any other; and it is a Hardship to them to deprive 'em of the Authority due to them, and to leave 'em to make their way thro' bad Judgments, purely by their own Merit.

I will not trouble the Reader with the Enquiry my Curiosity led me to make in this Matter; I will only give him one Reason, of many, why these Hymns may be receiv'd for genuine. The most suspected of 'em all, is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy from the Beginning of it, the Beginning of his own admirable Poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been suppos'd to have been written by one Cynæthus of Chios, who was a famous * Repeater of Homer's Verses. To
obvi-

* After the Decease of Homer, there were such Persons who made a Profession of repeating his Verses; from the Repetitions of whom, and of their Descendants or Successors (for they became a Sect) the entire Poems of Homer in After-times were collected and put in Order. These were call'd *Homeristæ*, or *Homeridæ*: Of whom see *Ælian. Var. Hist. L. 13. C. 14. Athenæ. L. 1. 5. 14. Strabo L. 14. Pindar Nem. Ode 2. Cælius Rodig. L. 7. C. 29.*

obviate which Supposition, we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides in the third Book of his History, and expressly quoted as the Work of Homer.

After his second Quotation, which consists of about half a score Verses, Thucydides observes that in those Verses Homer has made mention of himself: Hence, 'tis beyond question Thucydides believ'd or rather was assur'd it was the Work of Homer. He might be very well morally assur'd of it, for he liv'd within † four hundred Years of Homer, and that is no distance of Time to render the Knowledge of such Things either uncertain or obscure in such a Country as Greece, and to a Man of such Learning, Power and Wisdom as our Author. The learned Casaubon, in his Comment on a Passage in the first Book of ‡ Strabo, takes the Liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites as Authority against him part of the Quotation made by Thucydides from the aforementioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no Mention of what Country he was: In one of the Verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself the *blind Man of rocky Chios. Casaubon's Note is

T 2

as

† Herodotus says of himself, in *Euterpe*, he was but four hundred Years after Homer. Thucyd. was Contemporary with Herodotus.

‡ Strab. L. 1. pag. 30.

* The Original says----The blind Man who lives in rocky or sandy Chios, and whose Poems shall be in highest Esteem to all Posterity: Which indeed only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.

as follows: In Hymno Apollinis quem ego cur debeamus ἀθετεῖν contra auctoritatem Thucydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam Hymno, hæc de se Homerus, &c.

Now whether it be more reasonable, by the Example of so learned a Man as Casaubon, to give Credit to the Authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise, faithful, and consummate Historian that ever wrote; or to give into the Scruples, Conjectures, and Suggestions of Scholiasts and Grammarians; I leave to the Determination of each impartial Reader.

HOMER'S

HOMER's HYMN

T O

V E N U S.

SING, Muse, the Force, and all-informing Fire
 Of *Cyprian Venus*, Goddess of Desire:
 Her Charms, th' Immortal Minds of Gods can
 move,

And tame the stubborn Race of Men to Love.
 The wilder Herds and ravenous Beasts of Prey,
 Her Influence feel, and own her kindly Sway.
 Thro' pathless Air, and boundless Ocean's Space,
 She rules the feather'd Kind and finny Race;
 Whole Nature on her sole Support depends,
 And far as Life exists, her Care extends.

T 3

Of

Of all the num'rous Host of Gods above,
 But three are found inflexible to Love.
 Blue-ey'd *Minerva* free preserves her Heart,
 A Virgin unbeguil'd by *Cupid's* Art;
 In shining Arms the Martial Maid delights,
 O'er War presides, and well-disputed Fights;
 With Thirst of Fame she first the Hero fir'd,
 And first the Skill of useful Arts inspir'd;
 Taught Artists first the carving Tool to wield,
 Chariots with Brass to arm, and form the fenciful
 Shield;

She first taught modest Maids in early Bloom
 To shun the lazy Life, and spin, or ply the Loom,

Diana next, the *Paphian* Queen defies,
 Her smiling Arts and proffer'd Friendship flies:
 She loves, with well-mouth'd Hounds and chear-
 ful Horn,

Or Silver-sounding Voice, to wake the Morn,

To draw the Bow, or dart the pointed Spear,
To wound the Mountain Boar, or rouse the wood-
land Deer :

Sometimes, of gloomy Groves she likes the Shades,
And there of Virgin Nymphs the Chorus leads;
And sometimes, seeks the Town, and leaves the
And loves Society where Virtue reigns. [Plains,

The third Celestial Pow'r averse to Love
Is Virgin *Vesta*, dear to mighty *Jove*;
Whom *Neptune* sought to wed, and *Phæbus* woo'd;
And both with fruitless Labour long pursu'd;
For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
And bound her Purpose with a solemn Oath,
A Virgin Life inviolate to lead;
She swore, and *Jove* assenting bow'd his Head.
But since her rigid Choice the Joys deny'd
Of Nuptial Rites, and Blessings of a Bride, [ply'd. }
The bounteous *Jove* with Gifts that Want sup- }

High on a Throne she sits amidst the Skies,
 And first is fed with Fumes of Sacrifice:
 For Holy Rites to *Vesta* first are pay'd,
 And on her Altar First-fruit Off'rings laid;
 So *Jove* ordain'd in Honour of the Maid.

These are the Pow'rs above, and only these,
 Whom Love and *Cytherea's* Arts displease:
 Of other Beings, none in Earth or Skies
 Her Force resists, or Influence denies.
 With Ease, her Charms the Thunderer can bind,
 And captivate with Love th' Almighty Mind:
 Ev'n He, whose dread Commands the Gods obey,
 Submits to her, and owns superior Sway;
 Enslav'd to Mortal Beauties by her Pow'r,
 He oft descends, his Creatures to adore;
 While to conceal the Theft from *Juno's* Eyes,
 Some well-dissembled Shape the God belies.
Juno, his Wife and Sister, both in Place
 And Beauty, first among th' Ætherial Race;
 Whom,

Whom, all transcending in superior Worth,
Wife *Saturn* got, and *Cybele* brought forth;
And *Jove*, by never-erring Counsel sway'd,
The Partner of his Bed and Empire made.

But *Jove* at length with just Resentment fir'd,
The laughing Queen her self with Love inspir'd.
Swift thro' her Veins the sweet Contagion ran,
And kindled in her Breast, Desire of mortal Man;
That she, like other Deities, might prove
The Pains and Pleasures of inferior Love;
And not insultingly the Gods deride,
Whose Sons were human by the Mother's side:
Thus, *Jove* ordain'd she now for Man should
burn,
And bring forth Mortal Off-spring in her turn.

[Head,
Amongst the Springs which flow from *Ida's*
His lowing Herds the young *Anchises* fed:

Whose

Whose godlike Form and Face the smiling Queen
Beheld, and lov'd to Madness soon as seen.

To *Cyprus*, strait the wounded Goddess flies, }
Where *Paphian* Temples in her Honour rise, }
And Altars smoke with daily Sacrifice.

Soon as arriv'd, she to her Shrine repair'd,
Where entring quick, the shining Gates she barr'd.

The ready Graces wait, her Baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant Oils her flowing Hair;
Her flowing Hair around her Shoulders spreads,
And all adown, Ambrosial Odour sheds.

Last, in transparent Robes her Limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with Ornaments of purest Gold.

And thus attir'd, her Chariot she ascends,
And *Cyprus* left, her Flight to *Troy* she bends.

On *Ida* she alights, then seeks the Seat
Which lov'd *Anchises* chose for his Retreat:
And ever as she walk'd thro' Lawn or Wood,
Promiscuous Herds of Beasts admiring stood.

Some

Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
And lick the Ground, and crouch beneath her
Feet.

Dogs, Lions, Wolves and Bears their Eyes unite,
And the swift Panther stops to gaze with fix'd
Delight.

For, ev'ry Glance she gives, soft Fire imparts,
Enkindling sweet Desire in Savage Hearts.
Inflam'd with Love, all single out their Mates,
And to their shady Dens each Pair retreats.

Mean time the Tent she spies so much desir'd,
Where her *Anchises* was alone retir'd ;
Withdrawn from all his Friends, and Fellow-
Swains,
Who fed their Flocks beneath, and fought the
Plains:

In pleasing Solitude the Youth she found,
Intent upon his Lyre's harmonious Sound.

Before

Before his Eyes *Jove's* beauteous Daughter stood,
In Form and Dress, a Huntress of the Wood;
For had he seen the Goddess undisguis'd,
The Youth with Awe and Fear had been surpriz'd.

Fix'd he beheld her, and with Joy admir'd
To see a Nymph so bright, and so attir'd.
For from her flowing Robe a Lustre spread,
As if with radiant Flame she were array'd;
Her Hair in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,
In Ringlets fell, or was with Jewels held;
With various Gold and Gems her Neck was
grac'd,

And orient Pearls heav'd on her panting Breast:
Bright as the Moon she shone, with silent Light,
And charm'd his Sense with Wonder and Delight.

Thus while *Anchises* gaz'd, thro' ev'ry Vein
A thrilling Joy he felt, and pleasing Pain.

At length he spake -- All hail Celestial Fair!
 Who humbly doſt to viſit Earth repair.
 Who-e'er thou art, deſcended from above,
Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love,
 All hail! all Honour ſhall to thee be paid;
 Or art thou **Themis*? or the † blue-ey'd Maid?
 Or, art thou faireſt of the Graces three,
 Who with the Gods ſhare Immortality?
 Or elſe, ſome Nymph, the Guardian of theſe Woods,
 Theſe Caves, theſe fruitful Hills, or Cryſtal Floods?
 Who-e'er thou art, in ſome conſpicious Field,
 I, to thy Honour will an Altar build,
 Where holy Off'rings I'll each Hour prepare;
 O prove but thou propitious to my Pray'r.
 Grant me, among the *Trojan* Race, to prove
 A Patriot worthy of my Country's Love;
 Bleſs'd in my ſelf, I beg, I next, may be
 Bleſs'd in my Children and Poſterity:

Happy

* *Themis*, the Goddeſs of Equity and Right.

† *Blue-ey'd Maid*, *Pallas*.

Happy in Health, long let me see the Sun,
And, lov'd by all, late may my Days be done.

He said. — *Jove's* beauteous Daughter thus
reply'd.

Delight of Human-kind, thy Sexes Pride!
Honour'd *Anchises*, you behold in me
No Goddess blest'd with Immortality;
But Mortal I, of mortal Mother came,
Otreus my Father, (you have heard the Name)
Who rules the fair Extent of *Phrygia's* Lands,
And all her Towns and Fortresses commands.
When yet an Infant, I to *Troy* was brought,
There was I nurs'd, and there, your Language
taught;
Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,
I, like my own, can speak the *Trojan* Tongue.
In me, one of *Diana's* Nymphs behold;
Why thus arriv'd, I shall the Cause unfold.

As

As, late, our Sports we practis'd on the Plain,
 I, and my Fellow Nymphs of *Cynthia's* Train,
 Dancing in Chorus, and with Garlands crown'd,
 And by admiring Crowds encompass'd round,
 Lo! hov'ring o'er my Head I saw the God
 Who *Argus* flew, and bears the golden Rod:
 Sudden he seiz'd, then, bore me from their Sight,
 Cutting thro' liquid Air his rapid Flight.
 O'er many States and peopled Towns we pass'd,
 O'er Hills and Valleys, and o'er Desarts waste;
 O'er barren Moors, and o'er unwholesome Fens,
 And Woods where Beasts inhabit dreadful Dens.
 Thro' all which pathless Way our Speed was such,
 We stopt not once the Face of Earth to touch.
 Mean time he told me, while thro' Air we fled,
 That *Jove* ordain'd I should *Anchises* wed,
 And with illustrious Off-spring bless his Bed.
 This said, and pointing to me your Abode,
 To Heav'n again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd God.

Thu,

Thus, of Necessity, to you I come,
Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.
But I conjure you, by the Throne of *Jove*,
By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
By your good Parents; (for no bad, could e'er
Produce a Son so graceful, good, and fair :)
That you no Wiles employ to win my Heart,
But let me hence an untouch'd Maid depart;
Inviolat and guiltless of your Bed,
Let me be to your House and Mother led.
Me to your Father and your Brothers show,
And our Alliance first let them allow:
Let me be known, and my Condition own'd,
And no unequal Match I may be found.
Equality to them my Birth may claim,
Worthy a Daughter's or a Sister's Name,
Tho' for your Wife, of too inferior Fame.
Next, let Ambassadors to *Phrygia* haste
To tell my Father of my Fortunes pass'd,

And

And ease my Mother in that anxious State,
Of Doubts and Fears, which, Cares for me create.
They in return shall Presents bring from thence
Of rich Attire, and Sums of Gold immense:
You in peculiar shall with Gifts be grac'd,
In Price and Beauty far above the rest.
This done, perform the Rites of Nuptial Love,
Grateful to Men below, and Gods above.
She said, and from her Eyes shot subtle Fires,
Which to his Heart insinuate Desires.
Resistless Love invading thus his Breast,
The panting Youth the smiling Queen address'd.

Since Mortal you, of mortal Mother came,
And *Otreus* you report your Father's Name,
And since th'Immortal *Hermes* from above,
To execute the dread Commands of *Jove*,
Your wondrous Beauties hither has convey'd,
A Nuptial Life with me henceforth to lead:

Know, now, that neither Gods nor Men have Pow'r
One Minute to defer the happy Hour,
This Instant will I seize upon thy Charms,
Mix with thy Soul, and melt within thy Arms:
Tho' *Phæbus*, arm'd with his unerring Dart,
Stood ready to transfix my panting Heart;
Tho' Death, tho' Hell, in consequence attend,
Thou shalt with me the Gemial Bed ascend.

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous
Hand;
The Goddesses smil'd, nor did th' Attempt with-
stand:

But fix'd her Eyes upon the Hero's Bed,
Where soft and filken Coverlets were spread,
And over all, a Counterpane was plac'd,
Thick sown with Furs of many a Savage Beast,
Of Bears and Lions, heretofore his Spoil;
And still remain'd the Trophies of his Toil.

Now

Now to ascend the Bed they both prepare,
And he with eager Haste disrobes the Fair.

Her sparkling Necklace, first, he laid aside;
Her Bracelets next, and braided Hair unty'd:
And now, his busie Hand her Zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant Robe around her Waste;
Her radiant Robe at last aside was thrown,
Whose rosie hue with dazling Lustre shone.

The Queen of Love, the Youth thus disarray'd,
And on a Chair of Gold her Vestments laid.
Anchises now, (so *Jove* and Fate ordain'd)
The sweet Extream of Ecstasy attain'd;
And Mortal he, was like th'Immortals blest'd,
Not conscious of the Goddess he possess'd.

But, when the Swains their Flocks and Herds
And from the flow'ry Field returning, led
Their Sheep to fold, and Oxen to the Shed;

In soft and pleasing Chains of Sleep profound,
The wary Goddess her *Anchises* bound:
Then gently rising from his Side and Bed,
In all her bright Attire her Limbs array'd.

And now her Fair-crown'd Head aloft she rears,
Nor more a Mortal, but her self appears:
Her Face refulgent, and Majestick Mien,
Confess'd the Goddess, Love's and Beauty's
[Queen.

Then, thus, aloud she calls. *Anchises*, wake;
Thy fond Repose and Lethargy forsake:
Look on the Nymph who late from *Phrygia* came,
Behold me well——say, if I seem the same.

At her first Call the Chains of Sleep were broke,
And starting from his Bed, *Anchises* woke:
But when he *Venus* view'd without Disguise,
Her shining Neck beheld, and radiant Eyes;

Aw'd,

Aw'd, and abash'd, he turn'd his Head aside,
Attempting, with his Robe his Face to hide.
Confus'd with Wonder, and with Fear oppress'd,
In winged Words, he thus the Queen address'd.

When first, O Goddess, I thy Form beheld,
Whose Charms so far Humanity excell'd;
To thy Celestial Pow'r my Vows I paid,
And with Humility implor'd thy Aid:
But thou, for secret Cause to me unknown,
Didst thy Divine Immortal State disown.
But now, I beg thee by the Filial Love
Due to thy Father, *Ægis-bearing Jove*,
Compassion on my human State to show;
Nor let me lead a Life infirm below:
Defend me from the Woes which Mortals wait,
Nor let me share of Men the common Fate:
Since never Man with length of Days was blest,
Who in Delights of Love a Deity possess'd.

To him, *Jove's* beauteous Daughter thus reply'd;

Be bold, *Anchises*; in my Love confide:
 Nor me, nor other God, thou needst to fear,
 For thou, to all the heav'nly Race art Dear.
 Know, from our Loves, thou shalt a Son obtain,
 Who over all the Realm of *Troy* shall reign;
 From whom, a Race of Monarchs shall descend,
 And whose Posterity shall know no End.
 To him thou shalt the Name * *Æneas* give,
 As one, for whose Conception I must grieve,
 Oft as I think, he to exist began
 From my Conjunction with a Mortal Man.

But *Troy*, of all the habitable Earth,
 To a superior Race of Men gives Birth;

Pro-

* *Æneas*, signifying one who causeth Grief. By this Passage, it should seem as if the Etymologists had err'd, who, as he was the Hero of *Virgil's* Epick Poem, have deriv'd his Name from *αἰνέω*, to extol, or praise; it appearing here expressly to be deriv'd from *ἀνία* Grief, or *ἀνίω* to affect with Grief.

Producing Heroes of th' Ætherial kind,
And next resembling Gods in Form and Mind.

From thence, great *Jove* to azure Skies convey'd
To live with Gods, the lovely *Ganymede*.
Where, by th' Immortals honour'd, (strange to
see!)

The Youth enjoys a blest'd Eternity.
In Boulders of Gold, he ruddy Nectar pours,
And *Jove* regales in his unbended Hours.
Long did the King, his Sire, his Absence mourn,
Doubtful, by whom, or where the Boy was born:
'Till *Jove* at length, in pity of his Grief,
Dispatch'd * *Argicides* to his Relief;
And more with Gifts to pacifie his Mind,
He sent him Horses of a deathless kind,
Whose Feet outstript in Speed the rapid Wind. }

U 4

Charging

* The Slayer of *Argus*. *Mercury* so called, from having slain *Argus*.

Charging withal swift *Hermes* to relate
 The Youth's Advancement to a heav'nly State;
 Where, all his Hours are past in circling Joy,
 Which Age can ne'er decay, nor Death destroy.
 Now, when this Embassie the King receives,
 No more for absent *Ganimede* he grieves;
 The pleasing News his aged Heart revives,
 And with Delight his Swift-heel'd Steeds he
 drives.

But when the Golden-thron'd *Aurora*, made
Tithonus Partner of her rosie Bed,
 (*Tithonus* too was of the *Trojan* Line,
 Resembling Gods in Face and Form Divine)
 For him she strait the Thunderer address'd,
 That with perpetual Life he might be blest'd:
Jove heard her Pray'r, and granted her Request.
 But ah! how rash was she, how indiscreet!
 The most material Blessing to omit;

Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
That Length of Days might be with Strength
supply'd;

And to her Lover's endless Life, engage
An endless Youth, incapable of Age.

But hear what Fate befell this heav'nly Fair,
In Gold enthron'd, the brightest Child of Air.

Tithonus, while of pleasing Youth possess'd,
Is by *Aurora* with Delight cares'd;

Dear to her Arms, he in her Court resides,
Beyond the Verge of Earth, and Ocean's utmost
[Tides.

But, when she saw grey Hairs begin to spread,
Deform his Beard, and disadorn his Head,
The Goddess cold in her Embraces grew,
His Arms declin'd, and from his Bed withdrew;
Yet still a kind of nursing Care she show'd,
And Food ambrosial, and rich Cloaths bestow'd:
But when of Age he felt the sad Extream,
And ev'ry Nerve was shrunk, and Limb was lame,
Lock'd

Lock'd in a Room her useless Spouse she left,
Of Youth, of Vigour, and of Voice bereft.*
On Terms like these, I never can desire
Thou shouldst to Immortality aspire.

Couldst thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
Thy Strength, thy Beauty, and thy Youth retain,
Couldst thou for ever *thus* my Husband prove,
I might live happy in thy endless Love;
Nor should I e'er have Cause to dread the Day,
When I must mourn thy Loss and Life's Decay.
But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend
Beneath the Woes which painful Age attend;
Inexorable Age! whose wretched State
All Mortals dread, and all Immortals hate.

Now, know, I also must my Portion share,
And for thy sake Reproach and Shame must bear.

For

**Tithonus* was feign'd, at length, to have been turn'd into a Grasshopper.

For I, who heretofore in Chains of Love,
Could captivate the Minds of Gods above,
And force 'em, by my all-subduing Charms,
To sigh and languish in a Woman's Arms:
Must now no more that Pow'r superior boast,
Nor tax with Weakness the Celestial Host;
Since I my self, this dear Amends have made,
And am at last by my own Arts betray'd.

Erring like them, with Appetite deprav'd,
This Hour, by thee, I have a Son conceiv'd;
Whom hid beneath my Zone, I must conceal,
'Till Time his Being and my Shame reveal.

Him shall the Nymphs who these fair Woods
adorn

In their deep Bosoms nurse, as soon as born:
They nor of Mortal nor Immortal Seed
Are said to spring, yet on *Ambrosia* feed,

And

And *long they live; and oft in Chorus join
With Gods and Goddesses in Dance divine.

These

* Of Wood-Nymphs there were the *Dryades* and the *Hamadryades*; the *Dryades* presided over Woods and Groves; the *Hamadryades* each over her particular Tree. None of them were accounted Immortal, but extremely long liv'd. *Ausonius*, from *Hesiod*, computes the compleat Life of a Man at 96 Years; a Crow he says lives nine times as long; a Deer four times as long as a Crow; a Raven three times as long as a Deer; the Phœnix ten times as long as a Raven; and these *Hamadryades* live ten times as long as the Phœnix. But the most receiv'd Opinion was, that they liv'd just as long as their Trees. Therefore this from *Ausonius* seems rather to relate to the *Dryades*, and the Duration of a whole Wood; for there are frequent Instances where they were indifferently call'd *Dryades* and *Hamadryades*, by the ancient Poets. They were very sensible of good Offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserv'd their Trees. The Scholiast, upon a Passage mentioning these Nymphs in *Apollon Argonaut. l. 2.* relates the following Story cited from *Charon Lampisacenus*. A young Man call'd *Ræcus* observing a fair Oak almost fallen to the Earth, order'd it to be supported, and took such effectual Care that he re-establish'd it again to flourish in its Place. The Nymph of the Tree appear'd to him, and in return bid him ask what he pleas'd. The Youth readily demanded of her the last Favour, which she as readily promis'd; and according to Agreement, sent a Bee to summon him at the Time when he might be happy: But the young Man hapning to be gaming at Dice when the Bee came, was so offended with its buzzing that he gave it ill Words, and chid it from him; this Reception of her Ambassador so enrag'd the Nymph, that in Revenge she render'd him impotent. This Story is also cited in part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid. Metam. l. 8.* of the Fate of *Erisichton*, for cutting down one of these animated Trees.

These the † *Sileni* court; these *Hermes* loves,
 And their Embraces seeks in shady Groves.
 Their Origine and Birth these Nymphs deduce
 From common Parent Earth's prolifick Juice:
 With lofty Firs which grace the Mountain's Brow,
 Or ample-spreading Oaks, at once they grow;
 All have their Trees allotted to their Care,
 Whose Growth, Duration and Decrease they share.
 But holy are these Groves by Mortals held;
 And therefore, by the Ax are never fell'd.
 But when the Fate of some fair Tree draws nigh,
 It first appears to droop, and then grows dry;
 The Bark to crack and perish, next is seen,
 And last the Boughs it sheds, no longer green:
 And thus the Nymphs expire by like degrees,
 And live and die coæval with their Trees.

These

† The *Satyrs*, when they were in Years, were called *Sileni*, as *Pausanias* reports in *Attic*. p. 41.

These gentle Nymphs, by my Perswasion won,
Shall in their sweet Recesses nurse my Son;
And when his Checks with Youth's first Blushes
glow,

To thee the Sacred Maids the Boy shall show.

More to instruct thee, when five Years shall end,
I will again to visit thee descend,
Bringing thy beauteous Son to charm thy Sight,
Whose Godlike Form shall fill thee with Delight;
Him will I leave thenceforward to thy Care,
And will that with him thou to *Troy* repair:
There, if Enquiry shall be made, to know
To whom thou dost so bright an Off-spring owe;
Be sure, thou nothing of the Truth detect,
But ready Answer make as I direct.

Say of a Sylvan Nymph the fair Youth came,
And *Calycopis* call his Mother's Name.

For shouldst thou boast the Truth, and madly own
That thou in Bliss hadst *Cytherea* known,

Jove,

Jove would his Anger pour upon thy Head,
And with avenging Thunder strike thee dead.
Now all is told thee, and just Caution giv'n,
Be secret thou, and dread the Wrath of Heav'n.

She said, and sudden soar'd above his Sight,
Cutting thro' liquid Air her Heav'nward Flight.

All hail, bright *Cyprian* Queen! thee first I praise;
Then, to some other Pow'r transfer my Lays.

F I N I S.

MVS
BR
NIC

IVSEVM
RITAN
NICVM